THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Magnificent Tribute Paid to His Memory by the Very Rev. Vicar General Byrne, of Boston, Mass.

Full Justice Done to His Genius as a Poet, His Sincerity as a Patriot and His Broadness as an Humanitarian.

The following glowingly elcquent tribute to the memory of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, was delivered by the Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., of Boston, Mass., on the occasion of the unveiling of the bronze bust of the poet, patriot, at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C, on Feb. 4:

RIGHT REV. RECTOR:—In the name of the representatives of the friends of John Boyle O'Reilly, here present, and in behalf of his friends everywhere, I present through you to the Catholic University this bust of him whom we all esteemed as a man and loved as a brother. Assured that you will accept it and give it a suitable place in this institution, we thank you in advance for this most distinguished honor conferred on John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet, patriot and orator. The bust is the gift of a few of those, who having been admitted to the inner sanctum of his friendship, had most reason to admire him in life and who gladly avail themselves of all occasions of honoring him in death. And truly he was deserving of high honor as a man, apart from his poetic genius and literary ability. His was that sterling manhood that neither coveted flattery, nor gave offense, nor needlessly wounded the feelings of others. His soul was too high to stoop to aught ignoble. His spirit was such that while he gave to every man his due, he would not brook insult to self or country, religion or humanity. His presence in America was a mutual benefit; it helped him and it helped us. The bracing air of American freedom toned up his mental fibre and gave him clearer and juster views of the duties as well as the rights of man. The way in which liberty and law go hand in hand in this this country confirmed his belief in republican forms of government. His ex ile, a se ing ser ity, proved a triple blessing, a blessing to himself, to Ireland, and to America. I am persuaded that he did greater service to Ireland and to Irishmen everywhere by his life and action in America than he could have done at home.

It is eminently fitting that this university, devoted to the uplifting of the race to the highest ideal of humanity by the influence of religion, the curtivation of the intellect and the pursuit of knowledge, should give a cordial welcome and an honored place to the sculptured likeness of one who devoted his whole life to the same ends. John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet of the inauguration of this institution, is happily and fittingly among the first to be rewarded by this high recognition. This placing of his portrait here in enduring bronze is the greatest service that could be done to his memory. If his fame were not otherwise destined to be perpetual this memorial to him in an institution that will live as long as civilization endures on this continent would infallibly secure its permanency. While we, who are admirers of his genius, character and deeds, are confident that John Boyle O'Reilly, in his poems and his patriotic services in two hemispheres, has built unto himself a monument more enduring than bronze, we wisely, we think, seek to make assurance doubly sure by linking his name with this ever-abidding fountain of knowledge and promoter of the fine arts. This is surely the place to keep green the memory of illustrious men who have, or shall have, distinguished themselves in the cause of religion, patriotism and education, or who achieve greatness in the walks of science, art, literature and progress.

Let us now turn to the bust itself. It is the work of Samuel Kitson, sculptor, of Boston, who has added to his previous reputation by the success he has achieved in this. We predicted that this bust of John Boyle O'Reilly would be followed by a long line of effigies of men who have rendered conspicuous service to religion and country by advancing the cause of higher education among us. We understand that our anticipations are in part to be immediately realized, inasmuch as his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the most illustrious patron of the university, has been induced to give Mr. Kitson opportunities of modeling a bust of himself which, if successful, we hope will soon grace these halls of learning.

As to the bust of John Boyle O'Reilly, to-day unveiled, we, who knew him, pronounce it a true likeness of the man and the poet. To those who did not know him personally, it may seem that it is an ideal head of a poet, the conception of a sculptor thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greek and Roman art. Many things about it no doubt contribute to this idea. The uplifted pose of the noble head, the far-off gaze of the seer, the heavenward glance of one who awaits his inspiration from on high, the pensive air of the original thinker, the gentle mien of a bard Erin in his calmer moods, the faint suggestion of a smile that seems to welcome the coming thought, the glow of rapt meditation that suffuses the countenance, "the poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling," all plainly visible in this portrait bust, are the features that in fancy we associate with the personality of the poet.

In this seemingly ideal head we have the real likeness of John Boyle O'Reilly; nor is this resemblance one whit obscured by the ideal grace that every true artist infuses into his work. It is, therefore, what it ought to be, at once a faithful portrait and work of art, and I take this public occasion to congratulate the artist on the happy blending of these two essentials which he has achieved in this instance as in many others, notably in that of the poet Longfellow. Nevertheless, even in this perfect work many things will seem to be missing to those, who knowing O'Reilly intimately, had ample opportunities of taking the full measure of the man, and observing his many sided genius and noble qualities. They compare it with the image of their friend as he lives in their memory, and find that it falls short of the original. That is because their image includes the soul of the man as well as its earthly tenement. And as that soul never fully showed itself in any single expression of the features of the living man, so it is impossible that it should be bodied forth in full through the inert material at the disposal of the artist. None but God can infuse a soul into dead matter. Hence there is only faintly, if at all, set forth in this bronze effigy some of the most sterling qualities of the man and those for which he was most beloved.

Not moulded bronze, sculptured marble, or painted canvas, and hardly even the more plastic medium of human speech, can adequately render the high spirit of the patriot, the chivalrous purpose of humanity's friend, or the heroic temper of this knight of liberty. Only personal and intimate acquaintance could reveal the noble aspirations of the poet, the sympathetic heart of him who embraced in his love all grades of human kind, the devoted self surrender of the Christian, the tender and true love of husband and father for wife and children.

On this occasion, in this place and presence, it is with O'Reilly as a poet and man of letters I have chiefly to deal. And under this head what can I say of him that has not already been better said by others? It would be vain for me to attempt to improve on the words of our illustrious Cardinal in his introduction to the "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," by James Jeffrey Roche.

"Few men," says his Eminence, "have felt more powerfully the divine afflatus of poesy; few natures have been so gifted to give it worthy expression. As strong as it was delicate and tender, as sympathetic and tearful as it was bold, his soul was a harp of truest tone, which felt the touch of the ideal everywhere, and spontaneously breathed responsive music, joyous or mournful, vehemest or soft."

Mayor Hart, at the memorial meeting in Boston, said of him: "People who do not confide easily confide in him, because he truly believed in what he sang in the most splendid of all his poems, that read at Plymouth—'The People May be Trusted with Their Own.'"

Said Benjamin F. Butler on the same occasion: "Of his genius as a poet, drawing from the very heart of inspiration, all who have read his poems know. That he was a natural orator in a very high degree is easily expressed by saying that he was an educated Irishman. It came to him by inheritance. As an historian no more eloquent words glowing with true fervor can be found on any page."

"I remember hearing him once," said T. Wentworth Higginson, "when in the Papyrus Club he read a poem entitled 'Love's Secret,' verses so exquisite in tone, touching with such pathetic poetry the very heart and core of the deepest tie that binds man to woman, that there is many a poet of America and England who might well give all his fame if the authorship of these verses could be transferred to him."

President Capen, of Tufts College, thus spoke of him at that same meeting: "As I stood looking upon this scene" (one of moonlight on the sea) "I thought of our lamented friend. His faculties always flashed out light that glistened like rubies, revealing and defending the truth at once. His brilliancy of mind illuminated every subject and reminded one of strength as fathomless and restless as the sea, and there was in him so much of true humanity that we could not come into his presence without being affected by a tonic."

Col. Charles H. Taylor said: "It seems to me, however, that in a large and broad sense, of all that group, John Boyle O'Reilly made the most conspicuous and gratifying success, especially from a journalistic and literary point of view."

"You mourn the journalist," said Hon. P. A. Collins; "you mourn the orator and the poet, the patriot of two peoples, the strong, tender, true and knightly character. I mourn with you, and I also mourn—alone."

Edwin J. Walker, the colored orator, said: "With his pen John Boyle O'Reilly sent through the columns of the Pilot words in our behalf that were truly christian. He did more, he mounted the public platform and boldly denounced the persecution of our race."

On another occasion, at a memorial service in Worcester, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty said of O'Reilly: "He was passionately fond of liberty, because he believed it to be a gift of God to men, and his voice and pen made earth ring with his denunciations of wrong wherever found."

Said Bishop Healy, preaching at his mouth's mind in the Cathedral of Boston: "The straightforward, the manly, the long-suffering but unconquered spirit; such was our friend, John Boyle O'Reilly."

Edward G. Whipple calls his occasional poems, "very tender, fanciful, earnest and individual, winning us by their inherent force of grace and melody." James Jeffrey Roche, in his biography, says of his narrative poems such as "The Amber Whale," "The Dukite Snake," and "The Monster Diamond": "They are picturesque, dramatic, virile, and achieved their only purpose, that of telling a strong story in direct, forcible fashion."

Justin McCarthy's words are also well worth quoting, though not specially relating to his literary merits: "He is one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish race in America. He lives in exile for the service of his country. He has enriched its national literature with exquisite prose and yet more exquisite verse. He renders daily service to the national cause."

Gov. Long, introducing O'Reilly at Plymouth, said of him: "He is a genuine New England Pilgrim, and to the Pilgrim's love of truth he adds a certain ecstasy of the imagination and a musical note like that of a bird singing in the woods."

Miss Conway, in her "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly," well says: "He is greatest not in his poems of his native land, though his 'Exile of the Gael' is the noblest tribute the English language has ever paid her; not in his poems for America, in the best of which only Whittier and Lowell surpassed him, but in the poems which overleap nation and race barriers like 'Orisons Attucks,' or commemorate a hero of humanity like 'Wendel Phillips.'" Of this latter poem George W. Cable said to him: "This poem will always shoot above your usual work like the great spire in the cathedral town."

R. H. Stoddard has no hesitation in saying: "That his 'Songs of the Southern Seas,' not to speak of his later poems, indicate true genius."

Such is the consensus of opinion which I fain would substitute for any estimate of my own of O'Reilly as a poet. You perceive that these are the opinions of men whose judgment is worthy of the highest respect. This chaplet of roses gathered from divers fields, I twine for thy brow, O poet of patriotism and humanity. With it I crown thee, immortal bard, as with a rosary of love. Let it ever encircle thy brow as the halo of thy fame. The tear drop that glistens on its leaves like the fresh dew of the morning, is the tribute of a heart that grieves for thy untimely death which was to all of us an irreparable loss. His name and fame we [illegible] ever cherise, and hand down his ex[illegible] an inheritance to our successor[illegible]e entitled "From the Heig[illegible]" the opening of this Univ[illegible] the noteworthy lesson [illegible] profound study of the [illegible] clarifies the intellect [illegible] in its integrity; and f[illegible] in all its relations, [illegible] gained from mount[illegible] maid of wisdom." [illegible] leap from mount[illegible] still from star t[illegible]

TAKE IT EASY.

When Your Thoughts Flow Slowly, Like Water from the Chicago Cribs on a Hard Winter Day, Don't Write, But Take a Bath.

Be Sure to Get Well Scrubbed and Shampooed. Then Inspiration Will Come to Your Brain, and You Will "Do Yourself Proud" As an Author.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Women are waxing up all over the world to the necessity of rest, and this is a most hopeful sign. "If you are not tired of preaching the doctrine of passivity I wish you would give me a little inkling of the way you manage the work that must be done, and which you do not feel like doing. Please excuse me, but you have said so many times 'do not compel yourself to work when you are indisposed,' that I am [illegible]s of being informed how to extri[illegible]self from the don't-want-to or [illegible]dilemmas. But perhaps you [illegible]k."

[illegible] correspondent. [illegible]ve advice, [illegible]been

Life's to[illegible]
at[illegible]
Yet [illegible]

My lad[illegible],
web our[illegible].
My shield—it is [illegible].
panoply—her love.

Men's sneers may blast my bu[illegible]
ambition scorn to be
The handmaid or the counsellor of dreamers like to me;
But yet there is one peerless prize earth cannot take away—
The soul that's wound around mine own as tendrils round a spray.

Her hands are white as stainless snows that top each Alpine crest,
Yet rosy as the tints that steal from sunbeams in the west;
Her lips are rich and crimson red, and as a glorious crown
Meet for a fair and queenly head, my lady's tresses brown.

Oh! when I see her pensive orbs, and bask me in their rays,
They seem Arcadia's jasper gates that open to my gaze;
For their fond sylphic fire and flame, that sun me o'er and o'er,
Are as the hallowed lights that shine from Eden's golden shore!

In dulcet day-dreams oft and oft bright visions come to me
Of beauteous dames and stately queens, and nereids of the sea:
I bow before them all, and yet I worship none the less
My lady's fond and artless art, and perfect loveliness!

I need no quaint Chaldean lore to tell of future bliss—
I see it in each radiant smile—I find it in each kiss!
I need no Babylonian sage to light these lowering skies,
While passion glows, and love sits throned within my lady's eyes!

So let life's tempests rush and rave along the leaden sky,
They have no terror in their wings for Stoics such as I!
I smile at foes who scoff below—at clouds that frown above:
My shield's my lady's plighted troth, my panoply—her love!

—*Waverly Magazine.*

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterward? If not, we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so tones the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and assimilated.

Taken for a Crank.

A semi-fiendish delight often seems to possess people of strong nerves in sneering at those with weak ones. The irritability of the nervous hypochondriac is ridiculed as natural ill temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, none has a more easily explainable origin when it is chronic. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and anxiety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and nervous symptoms, sick headaches and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by la grippe among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

ambitious women do three times as much work as they are able to, and as much again as is necessary. But they are looking about them now and asking questions for which heaven be praised.

The following letter is so strong and in such perfect accord with my own experience with the food mentioned that I have concluded to print it for the benefit of those who are at their wits' ends to know what to do to nourish and restore their invalids. I will add that bovinine is the best food for sufferers from the influenza, as it will keep up the strength of the patient without disturbing the stomach.

"BLACKVILLE, S. C., Jan. 2.—*Dear Madam:* I want to tell you about the wonderful effects of Bovinine you were so kind as to send here. After it had been used in my own family with the most perfect success, I recommended it to a friend who was in an awful condition with nervous prostration. I called the attention of the physician, Dr. David Brigs, to the gracious work performed by this food in my family, and asked him if it would not be likely to supply just the food element which his nervous prostration patient needed. He was very glad to send to Charleston for some, and it worked like a charm given in teaspoonful doses several times a day. In a week the change in the patient's condition was simply astonishing. Since then it has been used with great success for teething babies, and for all cases where the stomach is not able to digest solid food. Let me tell you there is one town in the South, by name Blackville, that will never be without Bovinine. Yours gratefully,

MRS JAS THOMSON.

The New York Women's Press Club is to have a grand jubilee at the Casino, next week. Mr. Rudolph Aronson has invited the ladies to take possession of his beautiful and popular piece of [illegible] for that occasion, and the [illegible]k artists will lead their [illegible]affair successful not [illegible]is not only [illegible]beloved [illegible]to

[illegible] day. [illegible]
tions is the o[illegible]
again want to do [illegible]
sary to be done. A[illegible]
suffers not only for this o[illegible]
the days that are to be lived. [illegible]
finished human beings, instead of [illegible]
very imperfectly developed, this would be [illegible]
natural, and is one of the most beautiful and most thorough processes of mental and spiritual growth. Now from a long experience I have learned that the aversion and dread which reaches into the future is an utter delusion, and I treat it exactly as I do everything else which I know to be false. It isn't true, and I refuse to be made miserable by it, and I would like to add right here that I do not believe there is a professional writer in the world who has not at some time thrown down the pen and declared that he should never write another line as long as he lived. I have made that statement many times, but after proving it each time a lie I stopped.

Well, on the occasion alluded to, the morning mail brought me in addition to my other work an order to hurry up a magazine article, which the editor had previously asked for. To be on time the paper must be prepared that day. I could have forced myself to the work, but I knew the risk of doing this would be much greater than the risk of letting it entirely alone. I refused to think of it, and then cast about me to see if there was anything under the sun that I really cared to do. Yes, there were just two things that seemed to attract me—a Turkish bath and a matinee. I began to feel better immediately, and by the time I had emerged from the shampooing room I was a changed woman. I took a luxurious nap after I had been scrubbed and kneaded, then went out to luncheon, and after this to the matinee. Did not the promised article worry me? Not a particle. That evening after a light dinner I filled the order, and not only without the least friction, but with positive enjoyment. The article was mailed before I went to bed. My protesting nerves had been soothed, my brain had been rested and inspired by the radical change in my environment, and the magazine paper was the outcome of my best estate, instead of being dragged out of me by force.

Some one will doubtless ask, but what if you had not felt like the work that night? Well, I should have gone to bed quite sure that I would do it early in the morning, and my faith would have saved me.

This is the way I manage my own disinclination to work, and it is not an exceptional or isolated instance. It is true, for I have proved it over and over again, that a generous yielding to the feeling of inability or even unwillingness to do the work that seems perhaps imperative at the time, will result in better accomplishment without nerve strain or other unpleasant result.

The housekeeper may say: Oh yes, that method is comparatively easy for writers, but what of the women who are obliged to have their meals on time, their houses in order and their children clean and well dressed?

There is no more exacting life than that led by the writers. Dishes can go unwashed and houses unswept in an emergency, but the promised literary work is expected to be on time if the heavens fall. But I am also a housekeeper, and I know whereof I speak when I say that

[illegible] He was returned so[illegible] lice, at the requ[illegible] deavoring to trace hi[illegible] tained for his safety.

BAD BURNING ACCIDENT IN [illegible].

A few days ago a young girl [illegible] Agnes Kingan, residing with her father at Dromara, while engaged in cooking took some fit and fell across the fire, and before she was rescued the poor girl received terrible burns all over the body. She is not expected to recover.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

A few days ago a party of boys proceeded up the Ballyconnell Mountains for the purpose of hunting down a fox in the snow. When they had traversed a considerable portion of the mountains a young fellow, aged 14 years, named Sheridan, told his companions that he was unable to go with them any further, and said that he would return home. The poor fellow must have got covered up in the snow, as up to the time of writing he has not turned up at his habitation. Parties have been organized to search the mountains, but up to this have failed to find him.

DEATH OF A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

At Aldreigh, Athy, an old man and his wife named Ging died almost at the same time. They were waked and buried together. The old man died rather suddenly, and the habit which had been obtained for his wife was the one which he himself wore in death.

CLERICAL CHANGES IN MAYO.

Very Rev. Canon O'Dwyer, from Cloonberne to Kiltullagh; Rev. John Concannon, from Ballindine to Cloonberne; Rev. P. McAlpine, C. C., Aughamore, to be P. P. Ballindine; Rev. M. O'Donohue, P. P. Arran, to Carnacon; Rev. P. McPaillin, C. C., Carnacon, to be P. P. Arran; Rev. M. McHugh, Adm., Boffin, to be P. P. of Carna Recess; Rev. Father Lavelle, Cliffden, to be Adm., Inniah Boffin; Rev. J. Tuffy, late of Maynooth, C. C., Arran; Rev. Father Madden, do., C. C., to Aughamore; Rev. Father Nicholson, do., to Aughagower; Rev. Father Canavan, C. C., to Kiltullagh; Rev. J. O'Malley, C. C., Kiltullagh, to Castlebar; Rev. Father Conroy, from St. Jariath's College to Cliffden; Rev. Father Greally, from Arran to St. Jariath's College.

DEATH OF AN AGED PRIEST.

On Jan. 5, at Pallaskeary, county Limerick, Rev. John Bourke, one of the oldest priests in Ireland, passed to his reward. He was born at the beginning of the present century, and would have completed sixty years in the sacred ministry had he lived till the 12th of July next. His life as a priest was one of extreme labor and burning zeal for the honor of God.

THE IRISH DEATH-RATE.

The average annual death-rate represented by the deaths registered last week in the sixteen principal town districts of Ireland was 32 0 per 1,000 of the population (unrevised) according to the recent census. The deaths registered in each of the several towns, alphabetically arranged, corresponded to the following annual rates per 1 000: Armagh, 20 0; Belfast, 31 6; Cork 34 6; Drogheda, 35 1; Dublin, 34 6; Dundalk, 37 7; Galway, 7 6; Kilkenny, 4 7; Limerick, 29 5; Lisburn, 39 0; Londonderry, 29 8; Lurgan, 36 5; Newry, 32 2; Sligo, 0 0; Waterford, 55 0; Wexford, 27 1. The deaths from the principal zymotic diseases registered in the sixteen districts during last week are equal to an annual rate of 2.2 per 1,000, the rate varying from 0 0 in ten of the districts to 4 4 in Drogheda; the 8 deaths from all causes registered in that district comprising 1 from diarrhœa. Among the 155 deaths from all causes registered in Belfast are 2 from measles, 3 from whoopingcough, 2 from enteric fever, 3 from diarrhœa, 16 from phthisis, and 60 from diseases of the respiratory system; and the 50 deaths in Cork comprise 1 from whoopingcough, 1 from enteric fever, 1 diarrhœa, 5 from phthisis, and 17 from diseases of the respiratory system. Two deaths from influenza are specially reported by the Registrar of Belfast No. 3 District, 2 by the Assistant Registrar of Belfast No. 4 District, 1 by the Registrar of Belfast No. 5 District, and 3 by the Registrar of Waterford No. 1 District.—*Irish Weekly, Jan* 23

RECENT DEATHS

The death of the Rev. Dr. Reeves, Protestant bishop of Down and Connor, is announced. He was born in 1815, and was married only over 3 weeks ago.

The death of Lord Dillon occurred last month. He was the largest landed proprietor in Mayo. Strange to say the oldest tenant on the estate never saw the absentee on Mayo soil. The bulk of his vast estate was reclaimed lands. He exacted his "pound of flesh" like the rest of them. He was born in 1812. He was 16th Viscount, and is now represented by his son, Harold Arthur, who is 45 years of age.

Jan 3 1891 Patrick Murray, Haultown, Navan, aged 73 years.

Jan. 15, 1892, at Kells, county Meath, to the regret of all who knew him, after a long illness, borne with Christian fortitude [illegible] resignation, John McDonnell, of [illegible]da, a member of the Amalgamated [illegible]ellors. His remains were in[illegible] Churchyard, many of his [illegible]ending to pay a last [illegible]

[illegible], at her [illegible]llen

[illegible]an Rd. Co[illegible] had fallen to his compa[illegible] Mr. Carey, Mr. [illegible] Bank, with Mr. Fre[illegible] toward the drowning [illegible] they could to rescue him at [illegible] imminent danger, but he sank [illegible] hole from which turf was cut, and [illegible] no more. With the aid of a boat his body was recovered at 3 o'clock. Mr. Wright was an extensive family grocer.

A sad drowning accident is reported to have taken place at Edenderry, by which a young girl named Frances Gordon, the daughter of a head constable, lost her life. It would seem that in consequence of the heavy frost that prevailed on the previous night a number of people were skating during the day, among other places on the Grand Canal, which was frozen, when unfortunately the deceased girl went down under the ice in the navigation track of the canal and was drowned before she could be rescued.

LA GRIPPE.

The influenza epidemic prevails to an alarming extent at Baltinglass. There is hardly a household in the district which has escaped, and the energies of the local doctors are severely over taxed.

There is much sickness at present in Athy Union, and the number of patients in the hospital and workhouse infirmary is very large.

Among the sad deaths announced from influenza were that of Mr. James Powell and his wife, in Dublin, who came from the neighborhood of Boyle. Mr. Powell, who is a brother of Mr. Richard Powell, J. P., Gurteen, had realized a fortune in South Africa and returned some months ago. Both were buried in Ballinafad.

MARRIED

On Jan. 23, 1892, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dundalk, by the Very Rev. P. Segrave, V. F., Adm., assisted by the Rev. W. J. Murphy, C. C., Westland Row, Dublin; Rev. P. Clarke, P. P., Lordship; Rev. P. Fagan, C. C., Armagh; Rev. F. Fox, C. C., Dundalk; Rev. P Murtagh, C. C., do; Edward Fitzgerald Flood, Kilcullen, county Kildare, to Annie, third daughter of the late John Connick, Seatown place, Dundalk.

St. Patrick's Day.

There will be a meeting of the Irish-American Council at Fitzgerald's hall, corner Halsted and Adams streets, Sunday Feb. 21, at 2 o'clock p. m., to make arrangements for the 17th of March. Societies are requested to send three delegates.

JOHN FOLEY, President. C. A. REIDEY, Secretary.

Attention! If you desire a fine head of hair of a natural hue and free from dandruff, Hall's Hair Renewer is the best and safest preparation to accomplish it.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Fold of Fonteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER I.

"God's second priest, the teacher, sent to feed
men's minds with lore:
They marked a price upon his head, as on the
priest's before.
Well, well they knew that never, face to face
beneath the sky.
Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but one of
them should die:
Still, crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or
stretched on mountain fern,
The teacher and his pupils met, feloniously—to
learn."

"Wrong again, Murty—wrong again! Always the same, you prince of block heads. 'Semper iden' was the motto of wicked old Queen Bess, and verily I believe 'tis yours also; for you've been the same blundering Murty McAndrew since the first day I received you into my humble academy. Sure I might as well try to drive mathematics into a turnip as into that thick black head of yours, as well try to leap your father's spavined mare across the Moy as to get you even half way across the *pons asinorum*. I pity you, avic—I pity you!"

The indignant pedagogue tucked his ferula under his arm, solaced himself with a huge pinch of snuff, and cast a withering glance on his erring pupil.

The latter, a stoutly built youth with rugged and ludicrous countenance, met his preceptor's gaze in seemingly deep perplexity and distress, and burst into a hasty excuse.

"Well, mavrone to the same *pons asinorum*! As I live this minute, master aroon, I went over every line and angle of it last night—over and over again, to see and get the better of it—until I felt as if the inside of my head was turned into a spider's web!"

"Right you are, Murty, if you spoke a word of truth in your life! Ha! ha! ha! Hearken to this, gossoons—Murty McAndrew has cobwebs in his skull. Tell us, avic, is there a spider among the cobwebs?"

"A spider! Arrah, is it to eat the brains o' me?"

"*Your* brains, gossoon! Troth I'm thinking 'tis a very poor meal the creature would have of them, and soon and sudden would he die of starvation. *Your* brains, Murty—ha, ha, ha!"

Magister Malachi Higgins laughed complacently at his own quaint wit, and his peculiar dry cachinnation was drowned by an outburst of boyish mirth from his pupils. But the butt of the master's sarcasm merely thrust out his tongue in the corner of his mouth—a rather capacious one, by the way—and winked covertly at the grinning faces of his schoolmates; a proceeding which caused the laughter to redouble, for Murty was the wag *par excellence* of the hedge school.

The establishment in question consisted of a long and narrow space enclosed by thick hedges of whitehorn, resembling a piece of *boreen* with the ends stopped up. Ranged along the interior of this enclosure were two rows of boys, of ages ranging from 7 to 19, seated opposite to each other beneath the overhanging bushes. Some of these students were intently conning over the pages of well worn books, some writing or ciphering on fragments of slate, some murmuring over the arithmetical tables, while not a few were engaged in the performance of divers games and antics—but this in a surreptitious way which betokened a wholesome dread of the pedagogue's switch. Their seats were *fodsens*, or sods of earth. The well trampled soil was their floor, just as their roof was the vast dome of heaven.

The day was a lovely one in summer, just the day of days for the pursuit of knowledge in the *al fresco* way—Nature apparently doing her utmost to advance the interests of illegal education. Bright and warm fell the rays of the unclouded sun, shooting through the foliage of what Malachi was wont to term his "little grove of Academus." The zephyrs gently rustled the screening whitethorns, beneath which shone gay tufts of wild flowers, adorning the verdant walls of the rustic seminary, and sweetening its air with their wild perfume. Now and then would an exploring bee, coming humming through the leafy wall, hover for a few moments over the heads of the pupils, and then depart in haste, convinced probably by the buzz that saluted him that he had got into a wrong hive. As often would a little bird perch in the hedge only to dart off on the instant with a chirp of alarm at discovering what that hedge so effectually concealed.

Indeed a casual wayfarer might pass within a few perches of the school and never suspect its existence, unless per chance he noticed the ingress or egress of the pupils, or that his ear caught the united murmur of their voices.

And such was the Rathduff hedge school in the year 1787.

Situated on the green shore of Lough Conn, in the west of the Two Bacs, or "bends"—a celebrated romantic district lying between that lake and the river Moy—the school lay in a delightful locality in the neighborhood of some of the finest scenery of the West of Ireland. Decked in the radiant beauty of the genial summertide lay the landscape surrounding the ancient "black fort" beside the lake. Green hills, crested with golden furze, where the timid hare crouched in her form; russet patches of moorland, where the grouse ran nimbly through the heather, and the lonely crane sentinelled the reedy pool; fair, open meadows, dotted with kine and sheep, formed the leading features of the rural panorama that extended along the bright "lake of the hound." Near at hand trembled the dark foliage of Carramore (or Curraghmore), and further off rose the stately old trees of Deel Castle. Looking majestically down on the island-sprinkled bosom of Lough Conn arose the grand blue dome of Nephin, second of the Connacht mountains, backed by the distant purple ridges of the Erris highlands.

It was a district rich in legendary lore, rich in memories of the time when the lord of Bacs, Gillapatrick MacFirbis (ancestor of the famous seanachie family of the name), fostered St. Tiernan of Errew; when the potent O'Dowdas held high court in the isle of Annaghmore; when the fillibustering Sir Maju Barrett and his Welsh followers wrested the territory from the O'Dowdas; when the Bourkes wrested it in turn from the Welshmen; and of the still later days when the Cromwellian put in his appearance, and Black Jack Ormsby seized it from the Bourkes and from Sir Maju's descendants, the MacAndrews.

It is a matter of note that Bob McKeon (better known as Robert Owenson of the Dublin stage), father of the celebrated Lady Morgan, was a native of Bacs and received his early education in this identical hedge school of Rathduff—to which we will now return.

A venerable looking old man in a seedy suit of brown—a man with a mild, worn countenance, and keen grey eyes, and long white locks falling on his stooped and meagre shoulders—such was Malachi Higgins, Irish papist schoolmaster and *ergo* outlaw in the eye of the law. It were hard, looking at him as he pursued his illegal avocation and endeavored to impart contraband knowledge to his little school, to realize the fact that he was a hunted felon, an enemy of the state whom it was the duty of every loyal subject of British crown to lay hands on and drag before the nearest J. P., and receive mayhap the reward of ten pounds sterling, specified by the "Act to prevent the further growth of popery."

Often and hotly had the old pedagogue been chased by his natural enemies, the priest catchers. He had been hunted down and captured more than once, on which occasions he had narrowly escaped transportation.

He now sat beneath the hedge in about the centre of his arboreal hall, his seat being a *fodsen* more elevated than those of his pupil. Beside him, leaning against the sod ditch, was a large rough board, evidently the half door of some cabin, on which was a chalk drawing of the famous "asses' bridge"; and drawn up in a semicircle before this stood about half a dozen of the eldest of his pupils, tall young fellows on the threshold of manhood.

One of these was Murty McAndrew, the object of the mirth with which the school now rang. Between his fingers he held a piece of chalk which he surveyed with comically dubious gaze that anon wandered from it to the board, and thence to Malachi's countenance.

'Great shade of Plato! this is really a sad state of affairs. Is it possible that one of the eldest of my pupils, a youth over whose black, shaggy head nigh twenty summers have passed, should baulk so persistently at the glorious Fifth Proposition? Why, had such a thing occurred in my young days all the asses from Inishowen to Cape Clear should bray in contempt. But *'tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis'* Well, Murty, can you not even attempt the proof?"

"Not a bit of me—not if I was at it till tomorrow."

"Bless us! must we look on you as the *omadhaun more* of our academy? Will you bring contempt and disgrace on your decent family—on the ancient Cymric blood of the McAndrews of Tirawley? Come, avic, try it again—there is the figure ready drawn to your hand."

"Sure enough there it is, master, and may bad scran to it! Och, *go mo seacht mile*"——

"Silence, sir! For shame, Murty! Your seven thousand curses forsooth! Would you contemn the memory of the immortal Euclid because your pigmy intellect can not grapple with his noble reasoning—would you, you concentrated essence of a Eoghan? Ha, wretched truant, I believe in my heart that angling for pike in Lough Conn or dragging for perch in the Deel is far more congenial to you than a manly, scholarly struggle with such knotty problems as we deal with here. Fall back, you shock headed ignoramus, for my labor with you is all in vain—I might as well try to give polish to a hedgehog. Hand the chalk to Fergus O'Rorgan."

"Musha, here 'tis for him and welcome, and mighty glad I am to get rid of it, for 'tis burning my fingers it is."

With a relieved air Murty handed the piece of chalk to the youth indicated, and the latter stepped forward to the "black board," or that which did duty for one.

"Come on, Fergus, my Connacht Pythagoras," said the pedagogue, helping himself to another pinch of snuff; "let us see how you are progressing as regards mathematics. Do you know, my boy, I'm beginning to feel very doubtful about you—your success as a scholar, I mean! I know you are almost *facile princeps* among your fellow students, and on that account I feel bound to keep a very sharp eye on you to see that you don't become backward in your studies; and Fergus, Fergus avic, I'm afraid you're getting fonder of listening to the shanachus of that old god of war, Donal Murray, than studying lines and angles. Now I can't in the world think what any sensible boy can see in that *shan van vocht's* stories about Limerick, and Dutch Bill, and the French War, and the Duke of Berwick—can see in his strange *liegeuls*, I say, to interest him?"

"Remember, *magister mens*, that Donal was a valiant soldier, and played his part well in many a bloody battle."

"To his misfortune, Fergus! What has he gained by his soldiering but a wooden leg?"

"Gained—why, the honor, the glory of having fought for his country at Aughrim—by Sarsfield's side at Landen—of having charged to victory under Catinat at Marsaglia—under Berwick at Almanza—of having battled long and bravely for the good of poor downtrodden Ireland. Is not that sufficient glory, sufficient gain?"

The youth's face brightened with a lofty enthusiasm as he spoke. His mien, ardent and impulsive, added force and fire to his words.

In form he was agile and symmetric. His features, of a pure Milesian mould, expressed a high degree of courage, energy, and resolution. His hair, worn long in the fashion of the time, but unbound by ribbon or other band, fell in a profusion of dark brown curls on his neck and waved in glossy clusters over an open and fearless brow. In age he was about twenty.

There was a certain graceful manliness, a fresh and natural air of independence, about him that would, perhaps, seem much at variance with his position in the face of the law—to wit, that of a mere papist student, a skulking hedge scholar, a wretched law breaking helot.

His preceptor noted his outspoken enthusiasm with deep and critical attention, then shook his white locks ominously.

"Beware, Fergus, my boy. Your heart is young and your blood is hot. I fear you'd like to be a soldier."

"Ay would I!" replied the student with redoubled ardor—"a soldier in the Brigade, to fight for France—mayhap for Ireland—to humble the power that oppresses and enslaves us, that hunts our holy priests as if they were foul vermin, that levels and desecrates God's altars. Oh, for the happiness of striking a blow at our merciless alien oppressors. Oh! to trample on the ruins of the tyrannical power of England."

The startled pedagogue raised his thin hands in deprecation.

"Hush, lad, hush! Be cautious! You are talking madly—saying things which would ruin you for ever should they reach the ears of any magistrate in the kingdom. Beware, then, lest you should become an outlaw like myself. *Sales, puer!* I advise you not to speak so against the government."

The hedge student flushed indignantly.

"Perish such government! perish the bloodstained one of England! Tell me, Master Malachi, has it not placed a price upon your own head?"

"It has, my young rebel!—ten pounds sterling is the government money; and here's the man that'll pocket every penny of it!" exclaimed a deep hoarse voice in brutal triumph, and a man stepped suddenly through the gap in the hedge and stood before the alarmed master and pupils.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

D'Og-Mhnaoi Uasail Eigin.

Aig bh-faghail bonndóige "boesti" dam—the air Oidhche Shamhna.

Biodh cruacha gach bidh ag na h-uaisle,
'Gus fiche sórt sugh air a g-cláir—
Siad boesti 'gus im mhaith, ó chuisle,
An t-arán 's an t-subhan is feárr.
'S é boesti an biadh breagh, neartmhar,
Mar deurfaidh gach galsgidheach beó,—
Nach air bhoesti mhair sean Tusthal Teachtmhar,
Righ Eireann, 'sna h-aoisibh fad ó.

Och, d'fheuchas gach pracás gan eagar
Air bhord an tigh-ósda, farsoir!
'S dar m'fhocal do chuirfeadh siad gliogar
I ngaille fir tarain go siur,—
Acht ní mar sin le boesti mo thire,
'Sé'n biadh is bríóghmhaire cáil,
Oir 'sé neartuigh na fiátha ro-fhíora
Fhuill mór-chlú do chrích Innse Fáil.

Do bheathuigh mé seal maith air *goulash*,
'Gus bheathuigh mé tamall air *stew*,
'S mo bhróg geur! air iomarcaidh mhin-*hash*,
'S air mhór-chuid go leor de *ragout*,—
Droch-chreach air a missaibh neimh-chéillidhe!
'Siad d'fhág mé lag, tanaidhe 'gus lom,—
Ara! b'fhearr dam 'ná 'n t-iomlán aon bhéile
Ded' bhoesti maith, ramhar a's trom.

Is minic táim cerach d'éis glaetha
Pot-pourri 's mo nuair! *friccasees*,
'S d'éis sluigthe na b-práiseach bhidheas aca
Air *mheau*,—*soup*, *dessert* 's *entrees*;
Do shuigheas ag proiun a la *cafe*,
'Gus shuigheas ag proiun a la *mode*:
Acht tabhair'm aon phroiun a la boesti
Lem' iomchar fad-píosa de'n ród.

Cá bh-fuil biadh faoi sholus na gréine
Mar bhoesti, do'n uasal 's do'n ámhal?
Nach air bhoesti do tógadh na Fianna
Le h-órduighibh Fhinn mhóir Mhic Chumhaill,—
Agus sin é an fáth dhuit gan amhrus
Go n-dearnadar guiomha cho mór,—
Oir deir úghdar gur lonnan 'san Eabhrais
Na príomh-fhocla "boesti" 'gus "giór"!

Do léigheas i stáir ársuigh éigin,
Gur boesti a d'órduigh Righ Brian
D'a chócaire—Seamus Ua Réigin—
Do thabhairt d'a chuid saighdiuiridh dian
Air mhaidin fíoch-chombraic Chluain Tairbh,
'Na ár díbreadh luchd Lochlonn go bráth;
A's débhairt Bródar mar chaoin sé a mhairbh—
"'Sé'n boesti a d'íomchar an lá!"

Mar an g-ceudna, má's ceart i mo chuimhne,
'S le boesti mheall Gráinne Ní 'cAirt
A "Diarmuid dreach-ghoiuis Ua Duibhne"
Chum pésta, 'ma sean-laethibh thart.
Och, 's iomdha an beachaill do gabhadh
O'n lá sin, le draoidheachd ó mhnaoi,—
Acht, a chéitiinidhe, éistidh liom' rabhadh,
'S le boesti a ghabhthar mo chroidhe.

'Nois glac uaim, a dig-bhean is soifbhe,
Mo mheas a's mo bhuidheachas mór,
Le sáil uaim nach bh-fillidh Oiche' Shamhna
Go raibh agad fear, mar is cóir;
'S 'nuair atr san t'air ceangailte, pósta,
Deun boesti trí h-uaire 'san lá;
'Gus ní bhéidh tú go luath gan fósta,
'S ní eugfaidh a bhean ort go dcí.

PADRAIC.

* B. esti, sórt áráin a ghnáthaear ó n b-potáitol.

On Jan 5 a much respected lady named Miss Parse, aunt of the Rev. J. P. Wilson, Cookstown, died at the residence of her nephew, at the patriarchal age of 100 years all but a fortnight. The date of birth in this case is well authenticated, and the deceased was one of the real centenarians about whose age no doubt whatever exists.

Literary Notes.

The February *Arena* will be read with interest by thoughtful people. Its papers are all readable, many of them very strong. Briefly, the contents are as follows: Frontispiece, Herbert Spencer, a very fine portrait of the great philosopher. Herbert Spencer's Life and Work, by W. H. Hudson, for many years Mr. Spencer's private secretary; Danger Ahead, a thoughtful discussion of the electoral college problem, by Robert S. Taylor; The Railroad Problem by Ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon; The Solidarity of the Race, by Henry Wood; Hypnotism and its Relation to Psychical Research, by B. O. Flower; Inspiration and Heresy, by P. Cameron, B. C. L.; The Sub-Treasury Plan, by C. C. Post, author of "Driven from Sea to Sea;" The Atonement, by Rev. Burt Estes Howard; The Last American Monarch, by James Realf, Jr.; "A Spoil of Office," part second of Mr. Hamlin Garland's great novel of the modern west. The *Arena* has long since been recognized as indispensable to thoughtful people. No other great review is in such sympatby with progressive and reformative thought as this magazine.

Catarrh Can't Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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A Grateful Woman.

I am so thankful that Mrs. Wymen told her experience in your columns last month. My husband has been sick and we have several small children and I had to do something. Mrs. Wymen's success with the plater led me to believe that I could make a little money too. I obtained a plater for $5 and have been plating for the last three weeks, as I could find the time to leave the house, and have made $36 50. I would not have believed that it was so easy to make money with the plating machine. Everybody has a little work they want done, and I sold two plating machines and made $5 apiece on them to friends who wanted them for their children. Any one can plate and anybody can succeed, as I have done. There is no experience needed. My husband says when he gets well he is going into the plating business. Anyone can obtain circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, where I got my machine.

MRS. TORBY.

Air Strata Over Cities.

The popular idea that the higher one gets in the city air the purer the atmosphere becomes, has been disproved by evidence given before a select committee on house of commons ventilation in London. It is found that the air of cities like London, where soft coal is burned, is purest at thirty or forty feet from the ground. Lower than that the dust is encountered and higher the smoke from the chimneys.

These conclusions were arrived at from experiments with frames of wood covered with blanketing material put at different elevations—one on top of the clock tower at Westminster, another on the highest point of the roof and others at various heights down to the courtyard. After five hours' exposure there were found to be more smuts at high elevations than at low, but on the level of the courtyard there were considerable quantities of dust.

The inference from these experiments is that the common notion that the highest stories of the tallest blocks of flats are desirable for their salubrity is apt to be a mistaken one, and that beyond forty feet nothing is gained by going higher unless a very great height—some say 400 or 500 feet—is reached.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Nice Way to Train Little Ones.

Every wise woman understands that the best method of teaching her daughter that tidiness and cleanliness of habit so essential to good housekeeping is the giving to the little girl a little province of her own, as dainty and attractive as thought and care can make it, and make her responsible for its order or disorder. —New York Sun.

"*Looks like a ghost!*" That's what they say of the pale, thin, weak woman who's "run-down" and overworked. Probably she knows it herself. But there's one thing she can't know, or she wouldn't feel so and look so—and that is, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is *guaranteed* to help her.

It's a legitimate medicine, made especially for woman's needs; an invigorating, restorative tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system.

But it isn't a mere stimulant. It's a remedy, safe and sure, for all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that make women suffer. In "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, internal inflammation, ulceration, and kindred ailments, it's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is returned.

No other medicine for women is sold so. Proof that nothing else is "just as good."

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCELS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Mills, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many fallen victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

BLAINE IS NOT IN IT.

Will Not Be a Canditate for the Presidency.

A LETTER TO CHAIRMAN CLARKSON

In Which the Secretary of State Says His Name Will Not Go Before the Republican National Convention for the Nomination—The Result Will Be the Starting Up of a Number of New Candidates—Blaine's Health.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—In a letter of a few lines addressed to the Hon. James S. Clarkson, chairman of the Republican national committee, Mr. Blaine Monday positively announced that he is "not a candidate for the presidency," and that his name "will not go before the Republican national convention for the nomination." This is the substance of the letter, the writer only adding that he thanks the friends that have offered support and is sure they will make an earnest effort in the approaching contest which is important because it will result in the popular decision of the industrial and commercial policies of the government, and be of far-reaching consequence and great moment.

The fact that the letter was coming has been known in Washington for several days, and has been imparted confidentially to a number of gentleman who think they are candidates. Mr. Blaine has told his friends that they should know his intentions in time, and his announcement that his name will not go before the convention gives them ample notice. They are free to choose for themselves.

Mr. Blaine's Health.

It has been known to Mr. Blaine's intimates for some time that while he was perfectly willing that any of his supporters who did not care for the renomination of President Harrison should say so, he did not care to be used merely as an anti-administration rallying cry. That a regard for his health has something to do with Mr. Blaine's decision is not unlikely. At present he is in excellent health, and his doctors assure him that he has no chronic trouble to fear. But he is not willing to undergo all the fatigues and excitemant of a presidential campaign when he finds it necessary now to husband his strength. Some time ago in talking to a friend he discussed the situation freely, saying in substance: "I don't suppose any man who has once sought the office can truthfully say he doesn't care for it. I confess I would like to be president, but I will never again risk my health and life in seeking it. The office of secretary of state is a broad enough field for me during my public career."

Favorite Sons to the Front.

While no one in Washington questions that the ultimate effect of Mr. Blaine's declination will be the renomination of President Harrison, the immediate result will be to start up all the favorite son candidacies. Senator Cullom's expectation of a Cullom delegation from Illinois, with some support from the new states in the northwest, has already been set forth. Senator Allison will probably give the Iowa delegation permission to name him. General Alger, in spite of Michigan's divided electoral vote, is a full-fledged candidate. It is more than probable that ex-Speaker Reed will take advantage of Mr. Blaine's declination to seek a New England delegation for himself. The only possible candidacy that excites much attention is John Sherman's. Mr. Sherman himself is a stanch supporter of President Harrison's administration. If Sherman is to have any show for the nomination it will come of itself and not by his hunting for it.

BOYD ON HIS DIGNITY.

He Refuses to Shake Hands with Ex-Governor Thayer.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 8.—At noon Sunday Governor Thayer received a letter from his attorney stating that after a careful consideration of the subject of his retaining the gubernatorial chair of Nebraska he had concluded that it should be surrendered to Governor Boyd. Governor Thayer immediately acquiesced, and dictated a letter to Governor Boyd announcing that he would be ready to turn over the office to that gentleman at 2 p. m Monday, and that he had only held on because he believed that the question raised by the allegation that Boyd was not an American citizen should be settled before he (Thayer) could legitimately retire.

Wouldn't Take Thayer's Hand.

At 2:10 Monday afternoon Governor Boyd went to the governor's official department and took possession. When he was announced everybody in the room arose and stood uncovered. Governor Thayer came out at once from his private office with his hand extended and exclaimed: "How do you do, governor." Governor Boyd made no reply nor offered to take his hand. Thayer spoke to him in a low tone and seemed to be pleading with him for at least recognizance. He received none. Governor Thayer then said: "Very well, if you will not shake hands it's as well. The clerk will furnish you with an invoice of the property." Governor Boyd answered: "I want no invoice. I am here to take possession of the office to which I was elected."

McElvaine Electrocuted.

SING SING, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Murderer McElvaine was executed by electricity at 11:12 Monday morning.

McElvaine went to his death calmly. When he was brought into the execution room he looked quickly about and fixed his eyes on the chair. At a sign from the chief keeper he walked over to it unflinchingly and sat down. Then he stared straight ahead of him as the deputies quickly adjusted the straps and drew them tight. As the face strap was adjusted McElvaine grew excited and shouted "Let her go." Instantly the current of 1,600 volts was turned on and McElvaine was silenced. Steam began to rise from the salt water in the sponges on the electrodes. The current was turned off and then applied again in the case of the previous executions at Sing Sing.

Chicago Lawyer Assaulted.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—Edwin Walker, an aged and prominent attorney of this city, was knocked down by footpads Friday on Michigan avenue at an hour when the avenue was alive with people. The deed was done in the full glare of the electric light of the Standard club, and the blow is not necessarily fatal. Jacob R. Wineman heard Mr. Walker's cry and pursued and caught one of the thugs and held him until police arrived.

FLAMES AT MEMPHIS, TENN.

A Conflagration Destroys Property Valued at $1,000,000.

MEMPHIS, Feb. 9.—A fire which broke out in the building 230 Main street, occupied by Bruce-Beine Hat company, Monday night destroyed property valued at $1,000,000. After getting under headway it leaped across Monroe street to the Hotel Leurhman, the largest in the city. From this place the fire became utterly uncontrollable and rapidly made its way to the other buildings in the block on the east side of Main street. Reaching Union street the fire made a turn and started up in an easterly direction, sweeping everything inflammable in its path. Reaching Third street the blaze again made a turn and started up that street in a northerly direction. On the Third street side of the burning block are several large buildings. One, the Lilly carriage factory, was the first to take fire on this street. The flames spread until the entire block was consumed.

List of the Losers.

The houses destroyed were Meyer & Co., saloon; Mason & Lee, saloon; Schesinger & Co., barber shop; Hotel Leurhman, total loss, fully $100,000; Ochs & Co., ticket brokers; Samelson & Co., cigar store; Levy's trunk factory, with numerous offices upstairs; the Bruce-Beine Hat company, total loss; Rosin & Hurst, auctioneers; Lagstaff Hardware company, Lemmon-Gale Dry Goods company, the H Wetter Manufacturing company, William Jack & Sons, china and queensware; W. N. Wilkerson & Co., drugs; J. B. Gotthalf, pawnbroker, with offices upstairs Louis Seyforth's barber shop, Union street; J. B. McMahon, tailor shop, with offices upstairs; Jones, Huhan & Co., printers, total loss.

COWARDLY SCOUNDREL.

He Throws Vitriol in the Face of the Woman Who Rejected Him.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—Miss Katie Baumgarten lies at the home of her sister, 2801 Cottage Grove avenue, suffering unspeakable agony from the effects of vitriol which was thrown in her face Monday evening by Peter Gratz. The girl will probably die. Her cowardly assailant has not been arrested. Miss Baumgarten, who is a handsome, well-developed young woman, was walking along Inglehart place, when at the Twenty-seventh street crossing she met Gratz. He had formerly been paying attention to her, but some time ago she had dismissed him. When they met Monday night Gratz stopped Miss Baumgarten and upbraided her for discarding him. She endeavored to get away from him, but Gratz became excited.

May Lose the Sight of One Eye.

Finally without warning he took a bottle of vitriol from his pocket and dashed the contents in Miss Baumgarten's face. Noticing his action she had endeavored to turn away and for this reason the right side of her face and head only was burned. The powerful acid eat through her flesh. Screaming with agony she rushed across the street, while Gratz fled to escape arrest. Bystanders carried her into a neighboring store and remedies were applied until a physician arrived, who dressed the injured girl's wounds. She was then taken to her sister's residence, on Cottage Grove avenue. It is feared Miss Baumgarten will lose the sight of her right eye even if she does not lose her life.

WORLD'S FAIR LEGISLATION.

The Action Taken by the National House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The house committee on appropriations will shape the destinies of the World's fair so far as the financial features are concerned. This much was decided by the house Monday afternoon, which was devoted to the discussion of the expenditures of the commission thus far. There were two resolutions, one offered by Durborow to have the investigation made by the house committee on World's fair, the other from Henderson of Iowa, for an investigation by the committee on appropriations.

Friendly to Chicago.

The house passed the resolution for the investigation by the committee on appropriations, and there is this satisfaction to be gotten out of the situation: whatever the recommeddation of the committee be, the house will indorse it, because the committee is strong enough to carry the house with it. The committee is not unfriendly to Chicago, but simply wants to see what the commission is doing with the funds appropriated by the last congress as a basis for recommendations it may make this time.

Sale of Trotting Horses.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Feb. 9.—Wood & Shanklin's sale of trotting horses opened here Monday. Fifty-three head changed hands for $156,725, an average of $2,957. Some of the principal sales were as follows: Barnhart to H. S. Henry, Morrisville, Pa., $15,000; Drexteil, Budd Doble, Chicago, $7,500; Patronage, George Easton, Peoria, Ills., $2,300; May Marshall (2:12½), J. B. Perry, Lexington, $12,850; Palo Alto Belle, J. B. Perry, $8,000.

Green Goods Man in Limbo.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 9.—W. F. Martin of Metropolis was committed to jail here for failing to give bonds in the sum of $1,000 for his future appearance to answer a charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. He advertised "green goods" for sale, pocketed the money received from dupes, but never delivered "goods" to those who favored him with orders.

Frightful Result of an Explosion.

LITTLE ROCK, Feb. 9.—While customers were waiting at Salton's mill, at Bethel, five miles south of Paragould, to get their grain ground the boiler exploded and killed five person outright. Four of those killed are: Thomas Woods, James Woods and son, and B. Waugh. A gin-house was demolished. The bodies of the killed were horribly mangled and scattered.

Arrested on a Grave Charge.

BENTON HARBOR, Mich., Feb. 9.—Lewis Robb and a negro named Theodore Lowrey have been arrested by Deputy Sheriff Hosbein, charged with the attempted assassination of Mayor Hobbs on the night of Jan. 23. The prisoners, being unable to furnish $12,000 bail, were taken to the county jail to await trial on the 16th. The officers refuse to make public the clue.

Will Talk Reciprocity With Canada.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—Secretary Blaine has notified the Canadian reciprocity commissioners by telegraph that he will accord them a hearing at the state department on Wednesday next.

NEW YORK HOLOCAUST.

A Number of People Perish at a Hotel Fire.

MANY GUESTS AWAKENED TO DIE.

The Hotel Royal Catches Fire and in a Very Short Time All Means of Escape Is Cut Off and a Number of People Are Left to Die a Horrible Death—Several Killed and Injured by Leaping from the Windows.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—A fire began in the Hotel Royal, at the northeast corner of Fortieth street and Sixth avenue, at 4 o'clock Sunday morning and caused the loss of many lives. It swept through the building like lightning. The guests had no warning of their danger until awakened by the crackling of the flames and by the suffocating smoke. They rushed to the halls and were driven back by the fire that even then was burning through the walls and doors of their rooms. They ran to the windows. There was but one stationary fire escape. Not all the rooms were furnished with the rope escapes that the law requires. Because of almost criminal slowness in sending out the alarm there were no firemen with ladders to aid the frightened people when they came to the windows. Numbers leaped out. Five were killed instantly outside the walls. Dozens were hurt. There were 165 or 175 persons in the hotel when the fire started.

Arrival of the Fire Department.

Two engines and two trucks were on the scene five minutes after the alarm had been turned in. They found men and women clinging on the window-sills and hanging over the street. The air was filled with shrieks of terror. One woman with a child in her arms was stepping out of a third-story window. She held on to a rope and let herself go sliding down, clinging with only one hand. As she reached the second story she lost hold of the rope and fell. On the Fortieth street side there was the coolest man in the lot in the building. He was fully dressed and wore a silk hat. He let himself down by a rope escape hand over hand. The firemen think there were seventy-five people in the windows when they got there. The majority of these were women. The men attached to the engine companies deserted their engines and dashed to the aid of the men on the trucks who were struggling with the big ladders.

The Work of Rescue.

Some of them seized scaling ladders and swung them up to the coping of the first floor and clambered up them and dragged more ladders after them. In two minutes, witnesses say, the whole Fortieth street side of the house was covered with ladders, and on each were men who clambered in at the windows in the face of the smoke and flames. They clambered out again, each hearing a woman or a man in his arms, and began their perilous descent. Not one met with an accident. The men with the ladders on the Sixth avenue side had no such luck. The people there were more panic-stricken and harder to manage. Probably the delay had a good deal to do with this. The first big ladder that they started to put up got away [illegible] crashed back on the elevated. It took them three minutes to get it in place and in that time the flames were gaining fearful headway and were burning through the walls and doors into the rooms.

All Three Fell to the Bottom.

When the ladder was in place a dozen firemen and almost as many policemen dashed up it and leaped off on the balcony at the first floor, and entered the windows of the second and third floors. Policeman Daniel Glenn was one of the first back on the ladder with a woman in his arms. She had fainted. He came down half a dozen rungs when a woman above him, who had clambered on the ladder unaided, lost her footing and fell on him. She struck him when he was on the level with the third floor, and the force of the fall knocked loose his hold. All three fell to the pavement. Glenn's left shoulder was broken. The women received bruises but were not seriously hurt. Another woman fell on a fireman who was bearing a woman and child to the ground and they all fell in a heap. They also escaped serious injury. The ladders reached only to the third floor at first. One that touched the fourth floor was put up finally, and men and women were carried down that.

Sixty-One Still Missing.

From a careful examination of the hotel register and the journal which was furnished by Night Clerk Underwood the number of persons in the building when the fire broke out was 152. Of these eight are known to be dead. Eighty one were rescued by the firemen, and sixty-one are still missing. Among those rescued from the flaming builing are twenty-four who are more or less seriously burned and bruised. Three of these are at Belleview hospital and there is one each at the New York and Presbyterian hospitals. The others have been cared for by friends at neighboring hotels or at their houses. It is not improbable that a number of those who are still among the missing may have escaped the frightful fate which so many are known to have met, but the thought of the possible loss is appalling. Until the great heap of bricks and mortar and half consumed beams and rafters have been removed no one can tell what the awful grave will disclose.

More Money Order Facilities.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—An important order has been issued by Postmaster General Wanamaker, the effect of which will be to give money order facilities to all small offices where the compensation of postmasters reaches $200 per annum. Seventy-five offices have been established under the new system and preliminary steps have been taken to establish fifty more during the ensuing week. In the states of Ohio and Indiana it is calculated that the new order will not only double the present number of money order offices, but will give an excess of about 25 per cent.

Talk of Rusk for President.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 3.—Henry C. Payne, chairman of the Republican central state committee, has returned from the east. As to the Republican nominee for president, Mr. Payne said: "It looks uncertain as to who it will be. I think Mr. Blaine's name will not go before the Minneapolis convention. I heard of no intention on Mr. Blaine's part to write a letter declining, but he may do so. There is a good deal of talk of 'Uncle Jerry' Rusk for the office. He seems to have quite a following."

MR. BLAINE'S DECISION.

Some Republicans Insist It Is Not Final.

HARRISON'S ADVISERS CONFIDENT.

They Believe the Republican Party Is Fully Satisfied with the President's Administration — Senator Cullom Is Happy, and Thinks That Blaine's Withdrawal Leaves the Way Clear for Him to Follow His Ambition.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9. — Secretary Blaine's letter is the only topic in political circles. With the letter itself before them the leaders in both parties did not change their views, that it meant the absolute withdrawal of Mr. Blaine from the list of presidential candidates. A few Republicans insisted that the letter is not final. That if Mr. Blaine's health is good when the convention meets next June there is nothing in it which would prevent him from accepting the nomination. On reflection the politicians were of the opinion that Mr. Blaine's withdrawal did not leave the field quite so clear for President Harrison's renomination as had been their first impression. It was pointed out that Quay, Platt and other influential leaders who have arrayed themselves against the administration would not give up the fight this early.

May Unite on Sherman.

Without Blaine for a possible candidate their cause is weakened, because they must now make their fight on straight anti-Harrison lines. It was easy to choose Blaine delegates without appearing as enemies of the administration. But now that there is no longer a possibility of using the secretary of state as a cover for hostility to the administration the dissatisfied elements must quickly find a candidate of their own. The belief here is that John Sherman will be the man. He had most of the Pennsylvania delegation in the last convention and made something of a showing in New York. It is conceded this year with financial questions uppermost Sherman will be stronger in New York than ever before. Senator Cullom is the most pleased of any man in Washington. He thinks that Mr. Blaine's withdrawal leaves the way entirely free for him to follow his presidential ambition. His candidacy is openly and positively avowed.

Will Confer with His Friends.

He will seek a solid Cullom delegation from Illinois and has hopes of picking up delegates in other parts of the country. His senatorial colleagues have a good word for him and promise to do what they can to further his interests. The senator is going to Chicago this week to address the Marquette club on Lincoln's birthday. He will take advantage of the visit to confer with his friends and supporters so as to have his boom in good shape. General Alger, the Michigan people say, will have the Michigan delegation and has hopes of a part of the New York, as well as of the south and some parts of the west. The Michigan folks are quite hopeful, but the idea here is that General Alger made a better show in 1888 than he will make in 1892.

Harrison's Friends Confident.

The [illegible] advisers of the president seem to be confident of the outlook. They reason that the party is fully satisfied with President Harrison's administration. They think General Harrison is much stronger now than in 1888, and they point to the evidence that he has grown in the estimation of the country. There is no difference of moment in the party in regard to questions of policy, and it seems to those who are closest to President Harrison that when the Minneapolis convention meets it will be pretty nearly the unanimous sense of the party that his renomination will strengthen it in the campaign. Certainly no member of the cabinet believes otherwise. Many of the western people think that Secretary Rusk has elements of strength which would make him a strong candidate.

London Press on Blaine's Withdrawal.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—The press continue to blindly insist that the Chilian affair has something to do with Mr. Blaine's withdrawal from the presidential contest. The Standard says he saw that the browbeating of Chili would alienate the South American republics. Possibly the sending of that safe ultimatum to Chili was no part of Blaine's plan but entirely the work of the Harrison-Tracy party, and that Harrison was not sorry to shatter the pan-American agreement by which his rival hoped to build a great reputation. The Standard concludes by saying that the disappearance of Mr. Blaine from the political field will be no great loss to the world, as he always followed a policy of bluster.

Thanks God for Cardinal Gibbons.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—In his sermon Sunday morning at Plymouth church, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott paid the following eulogy to Cardinal Gibbons: "I cannot understand the folly of men that would blot out the Roman Catholic church from this country. Thank God for Cardinal Gibbons. Long may he wear the red cloak and his red cap, and if there should be an election now, and you and I could vote I would vote to make him pope." The immediate cause of this eulogy of the cardinal was the speaker's belief that Cardinal Gibbons had been the principal means of "knocking out" the Louisiana lottery.

Perished in a Mine Fire.

LEHIGH, I. T., Feb. 9.—The Osage Coal company's mine here is on fire and two miners, Robert Thompson and James Smith, have undoubtedly perished. When the fire was discovered early Monday morning the miners all started to make their escape but the mine filled so rapidly with smoke that Thompson and Smith were overcome. Their companions carried them for some distance but were obliged to abandon them in order to save their own lives.

Interstate Woman's Conference.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 9.—Monday the Interstate woman's conference held its first session in this city beginning at 8:30 o'clock. Mrs. Clara Hopkins, of this state welcomed the delegates, and Mrs Laura M. Johns responded. Then Rev. Mrs. Anna H. Shaw, of Massachusetts, spoke on the "Fate of Republics," and Miss Mary Dunn, of this city, on "Physical Training for Women," etc.

Kentucky Gets Her Share.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The treasury department yesterday paid to the state of Kentucky her share of the direct tax, amounting to $206,641.

NUGGETS OF NEWS.

Important Happenings of a Week Given in Condensed Form.

Colonel Hernandez, who was recently condemned to death by a court martial at Monterey for sympathizing with Garza attempted to escape and was shot by a guard.

Miss Emma Schultz of Champaign, Ills., is suffering from a severe case of blood poisoning, which physicians say was caused by wearing black hosiery.

Two Big Four freight trains collided at St. Joseph, Ills. No one was hurt.

Richard Anguin and his wife, who have lived sixty years of their lives together, died at the same time at Galena, Ills.

The visible supply last Saturday of wheat and corn was respectively 43,122,254 and 7,386,546 bushels, being a decrease during the week of 594,975 bushels of wheat and an increase of 137,533 bushels of corn.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad will hereafter admit holders of second-class tickets to Pullman sleeping car privileges between Chicago and the Missouri river.

Jacob Schaefer, the billard player, has announced that he will not again play Slosson for the championship.

A preliminary meeting was held at Wheeling, W. Va., of leading glass manufacturers not in the United States company to organize a similar combine, with Wheeling as headquarters of all factories now unorganized.

Attorney-General Hunt, in an opinion, says the Illinois Australian ballot law does not apply to town meetings.

Prince Iturbide, it is stated, has decided to postpone his marriage with the daughter of Senator Stanford of California, owing to his mother's recent death.

The second raid on the moonshiners in the mountains of Fayette and Westmoreland counties, Pa., has been abandoned indefinitely. It is thought that the raid of last week has so frightened the illicit distillers that they will keep their stills hid away for a long time. The five prisoners captured on last Friday are now in jail awaiting trial.

The "imperial diamond," which was recently purchased by the nizam of Hyderabad from a London dealer, is valued at $1,500,000.

Reading, England, is known as Biscuitopolis, because of the location there of George Palmer's big biscuit factory, in which 5,000 people are employed.

A dissolute linguist, a teacher of seven different languages, has been jailed at Laramie, Wyo., for beating his wife, who supported him by taking in washing.

* * *

In an encounter with brigands near Burgas, Bulgaria, two peasants and the brigand leader, Lefter, were killed.

Fourteen hours' delay of traffic was caused at Celina, Ohio, by a ditched freight train.

Twenty persons lost their lives as a result of the election riots in Buda-Pesth last week.

At the central station in Atlanta, Ga., ex-President Cleveland shook hands with a large number of persons and made a short speech of thanks for the welcome accorded him.

The 2,000-ton cruiser building by Harrison Loring of Boston is to be named the Marblehead in honor of that historic town of Massachusetts.

"Buffalo Bill" is homeward bound. His show, changed in character, is to be called a "World Show of Rough Riders."

Simon Newcomb, senior professor of mathematics in the United States navy, and professor of mathematics and astronomy at Johns Hopkins university, has just received his diploma of election as an honorary member of the Royal institute of London.

J. J Conley, at Lexington, Ky., has bought Constantine (2:19¾) for $27,000.

At Sidney, O., William Cisco, a farmer, was convicted of manslaughter for killing Jacob Webber, a year ago, while the latter was stealing corn from Cisco's granary.

James Swirles, dealers in dry goods and notions at Rockford, Ills., has been closed up on a confession of judgment. His total liabilities and assets are about $33,000.

At Monticello, Ills., John Turner, a farmer, living near Atwood, Piatt county, pleaded guilty to the charge of assaulting his stepdaughter, Cora Lewis, aged 14 years, and was sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary.

Burglars cracked the safe in Bowen & Knol's store, Graafschap, Mich., and got $400 in gold.

Charles D'Antremont, Democrat, has been elected mayor of Duluth.

The Wisconsin supreme court has authorized the attorney general to bring suit to test the reapportioment act, commonly called the gerrymander, passed last winter by the legislature.

To settle an old grudge, John McClearney of St. Louis struck Edward Lewis on the head with a brick, fracturing his skull. Lewis will probably die. McClearney is in jail.

* * *

An Oskaloosa, Ia., boy, Henry Johnson, while trying to climb on a Central Iowa train, fell and was beheaded.

George C. Kyle, brakeman on the P., D. and E. railroad, was cut in two at the waist at Olney, Ills., by an engine. He lived at Lafayette.

Pullman car porters are said to be engaged in smuggling liquor into Kansas.

Frank Ridge, a brakeman on the Chicago and Alton railroad, fell from his train at Chenoa, Ills., and was instantly killed.

At Ocean City, N. J., the House of Rest hotel, said to be the property of Postmaster General Wanamaker, has been attached by the sheriff.

An equestrian statue of the Emperor Frederick is to be erected on the hills in Alsace, which overlook the field of Worth, at a cost of £12,000.

A drying room in a powder factory at Pressburg, Hungary, caught fire and the building blew up fatally injuring three workmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis celebrated the sixty-fourth anniversary of their marriage at Beaver Dam, Wis.

The council of administration of the Michigan council G. A. R., has selected Ann Arbor as the place and April 19, 20 and 21 as the dates of the state annual encampment.

Charles Cook literally slashed Bob Branbury to death with a knife at Yorkshire, O., after a quarrel.

Several men have been run out of South Bend, Ind., after trying to pass counterfeit dollars and quarters. They went east.

The next national mining convention will be held at Helena July 12.

Fire in the shoe factory of Joseph E. Farrar at Danvars, Mass., caused a loss of $105,000, which is partly covered by insurance.

Nanke Harms, a farmer aged about 40 years, while slightly intoxicated, fell into Silver Creek, near Lebanon, Ills., and was drowned.

Mrs. Anna D. Heye has filed suit for $50,000 at Hastings, Neb., against the Republican Valley Railroad company for the killing of her husband in that city last December.

W. A. McKemie, station agent at Wabbeseka, Ark., was assassinated.

* * *

Twenty-five saloon keepers at Ottumwa, Ia., have been arrested for neglecting to cancel the stamps on empty whisky casks.

At Morganfield, Ky., fire destroyed several buildings, including the Waggoner hotel. Loss, $50,000; insurance about $5,000.

Profits of the National Cordage company (twine trust) for the past year as shown by the report of the comptroller were $1,406,313. The assets of the company are $23,419,120.

Brittan Williams, 14 years old, was killed by a playmate, Willie Bryan, being stabbed in the stomach, at Bradyville, Tenn. Young Bryan, who is 15 years old, has not been captured.

Survivors of the Johnstown flood will give their incomes for the 31st of next May, the third anniversary of the disaster, for the purpose of erecting a group of statuary in the public square of Johnstown to commemorate the event.

Horace G. Cuthbert, a tinner, fell fifty feet from the top of a sawmill at Bay City, Mich., and escaped with a broken arm and cut lip.

At Battle Creek the J. C. Morgan paper mill was burned. Loss, $30,000.

Indiana democratic editors favor Gray or Cleveland for president in preference to Senator Hill.

The Schmidt license bill has been favorably reported to the Iowa senate.

George W. Childs will attend the dedication ceremonies of the Childs-Drexel home for union printers at Colorado Springs, Col., May 12, the anniversary of his birth.

The price of grain in Russia is falling in the distressed provinces owing to the increased railway facilities which allow of a more rapid delivery of cereals from the more favored provinces. The grain dealers who have been speculating for a rise in values have sustained heavy losses through the decline.

The Chinese government is paying indemnities for the killing or injury of foreigners and the destruction of property in the recent uprisings.

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A dispatch to the Cologne Gazette from St. Petersburg says that the czar's eldest daughter has been betrothed to Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch.

Jay Montgomery, 16 years old, was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail at Waukon, Ia., for disturbing a Methodist revival.

Funds for Russian famine sufferers will be raised by the New York chamber of commerce. Already $3,300 has been subscribed.

A ton or more of slate, in a coal mine near Pekin, Ills., fell on Lewis Grant, its owner, and injured him so that he may die.

A. J. Lyon, his wife, and two children, of Independence, Ia., nearly lost their lives through coal gas from a stove.

The Nora Springs, Ia., schools have been closed on account of a scarlet fever epidemic.

Footpads are busy at Sioux City, Ia. One night J. N. Shehan was held up for $85 and G. P. Ripley for $35.

A suicidal dose of laudanum was removed from William Seaman of Jones Station, O. He will recover.

Remes Eickes, who was some time ago before commissioners on a charge of insanity, hanged himself at Eldora, Ia.

Charles A. Benson, who was to have been hanged at Leavenworth, Kan., has been respited pending a hearing of the case by the United States supreme court.

Ernest Kenyon, an electric lineman, fell from a pole at Norwalk, O., seriously, if not fatally, injuring him.

Stella Reese, 12 years old, died at Lancaster, Pa., of trichiniasis, contracted by eating raw pork.

The body of Joseph Klein, who was lost in a mountain snowstorm a few weeks ago, has been found in Placer county, California.

At Cincinnati the Hon. Richard Smith of The Commercial Gazette, gave a dinner at the St. Nicholas in honor of Miss Pearl Means, the actress, a former resident of Cincinnati.

W. S. Eaman of Jones Station, O., took morphine because his father insisted that he support himself. He is likely to die.

Grover Cleveland, it is alleged, will meet the prominent members of the Democrat party at Detroit on the 22d inst., when the question of his candidacy will be settled.

At Salt Lake, the liberal territorial convention adopted a memorial to congress protesting against the admission of Utah as a state.

* * *

The hardware merchants of Fort Dodge, Ia., will abandon early closing, but the dry goods men will retain the custom.

Of the $7,000,000 and more capital represented by the Harvard university, about $3,000,000 is invested in Boston real estate.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy — Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home" — there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Helen Barry.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Lilliputians, "The Pupil in Magic."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Margaret Mather.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Eight Bells."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Ensign."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Harry Lacy.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Mattie Vickers.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

The Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister of the British Empire, has been making sundry speeches of late in England, and has been displaying that Tory unchangeableness of opinion which, after all, is the best possible guarantee that the system which he advocates cannot, in the very nature of modern advancement, long exist. His paltry excuses for the palpable decadence of Ireland would excite ridicule, if it were not for the vicious falsehoods with which he seeks to bolster up Balfour's mock Cromwellism. He holds forth in his utterances no hope of common sense reform, but indulges in a tirade against the Catholic Irish, which induces even Sir William Vernon Harcourt to declare that were such language applied to Victoria's Catholic subjects in Canada or Australia the sentiment of loyalty to the crown would be shaken to its foundations, and that if the policy applied to Ireland were to be attempted in the colonies, the latter would rise in arms against the outrage sought to be put upon them.

But Lord Salisbury's epidermis is entirely too thick to be wounded by such arrows. He declares that were England to grant Ireland legislative independence it would be "a confession of senility and impotence, and she would win the contempt of the outside world. Ireland, he says, is the fairest gem in the Imperial Crown, and the imperial government intends, according to Lord Salisbury, to do her full justice. On this declaration, THE CITIZEN summons Lord Salisbury to judgment before humanity. The "fairest gem of the crown" is not far at the present day from what Meagher described it in 1847—"a wilderness, a plague spot, a sepulcher." Do we use too strong language in reproducing the words of the orator? Let the readers of THE CITIZEN carefully peruse the following startling article on the Irish census returns, which recently appeared in the *Whitehall* (London) *Review*, from the pen of Mr. J. McVeigh, a distinguished British publicist and statistican:

"'Alarming' is but a feeble term to apply to the lessons which may be learned from the first instalments of the Irish census returns, and it must come as a sort of revelation to the student of Irish politics that the population of that country is actually two millions less to-day than even after the 'Black Famine' of 1847 had wrought such awful havoc among the people. The eight millions of 1841 are now reduced to four, and the decline within the decade just closed has actually been proportionately the greatest since the 'Forties!' Is there no moral hidden in these extraordinary facts? Why is it, one may well ask, that while the population of every other part of the Empire shows a large increase, Ireland alone presents a record that must produce a feeling of angry resentment in the breast of the average Irishman, and bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every Englishman who envies the honor of his country?

"But it is not only the population that has declined. The inhabited houses of the country have (probably, in a large degree, owing to the gigantic eviction campaigns of the past few years) been reduced by no less than 41,449; while the dwellings vacated and unoccupied have increased by 7,460. The painful importance of these figures will speedily manifest itself to those who have observed the very scattered nature of the Irish population, and the tenacity with which they cling to their humble homesteads: but not less instructive is the fact that, although in the forty years following 1847 English shipping increased by 120, Welsh by 228, and Scotch by 247 per cent, that of Ireland alone decreased. The Irish fishing industry, again, could not only be maintained, but is capable of enormous development; yet in sixty years Ireland's fishing boats and crews have been reduced by no less than 60 per cent.

"It would, however, be incorrect to assume that in all matters Ireland has sustained a diminution; but in what respect has there been an increase? The agricultural rents, for example, have in twenty years been raised 10s 6d per head, those of England having in the same period of time been reduced by 15s per head. The Irish poor-rate has advanced from 2s 9d to 5s; imperial taxes from £2 6s 8d to £2 9s; and general local taxes from 11s to 17s 6d. In pauperism, too, there has been a great advance. There are proportionately ten times as many paupers in Connaught as in England; and the 'submerged tenth' of whom philanthropists speak here, becomes the 'submerged sixth' in Ireland. And in another respect Ireland has an eminence which is not possessed by any other country in the world, for no less than one fourth of her population have died *by famine* since 1846! The reduction of the inhabitants has been largely caused by eviction and emigration. In less than 50 years close upon 4,000,000 persons—a number all but equal to the present population—have been evicted, without compensation, from houses which they themselves had built, from land which they had reclaimed from sterility, from soil which they had oftentimes actually laid—and all because they were unable to pay the rent which was being continually increased on their own improvements. 'I do not think,' said Sir Robert Peel, in 1849, 'that the records of any country, civilized or barbarous, present materials for such a picture.'"

"Of the evicted, some remained at home, with the scenes of their sufferings and wrongs ever before them, and served to foment the various insurrections which in this century have emphasized the Irish hostility to misgovernment, and have so painfully accentuated the declaration of Lecky that 'the Union, by uniting the Parliaments, has divided the nations.' Millions of the poor homeless have sought a home in foreign lands, where many of them have risen to positions of power and eminence. 'They came to America,' says Froude, 'and who can wonder at it?—in no gentle humor. I confess that, had I been myself expelled from my holding by a landlord's crowbar I should not have felt particularly loving towards the government that allowed it.' Great numbers, too, have settled down in the industrial centers of England, Scotland and Wales, and have knit themselves together in a far-reaching organization that will often determine the fate of powerful governments, and make political majorities oscillate like a pendulum. *That* is what Irish landlordism has done for English politics.

"I am far from maintaining that emigration, within due limits, is not a healthy sign of a nation's vigor and progress; but in the case of Ireland it has been, and still is, an exodus. Since 1881, three-quarters of a million Irishmen have left to seek their fortunes in lands other than their own, and in fifty years there have been as many emigrants as there are people still left in the country! And the worst of it is, that it is the 'pick' of the population, the very best in the country, who leave it, only the very young and the old remaining. It was Dr. Johnson who expressed the conviction in this regard that the policy of driving away a people might be successful for a time, but would assuredly prove shortsighted in the end; and so it certainly has been with the depopulation of Ireland. As Grattan prophesied would be the case, the outlaws have risen everywhere to sting their old enemies, for the teeth of dragons were sown, and one cannot feel surprised at the enormous crop of vigilant and restless exiles. The moral of the Irish census returns can easily be drawn, for it is writ so large that he who runs may read. If the only results of a ninety years' aggressive policy are to be found in ruined industries, a decaying population, dwindling towns, undeveloped resources, and international mistrust, has not the time arrived when the other policy—that of peace and good will—should have a trial?"

"SIR WILLIAM" AND "LORD JOHN."

Recently there has been a somewhat ludicrous controversy in the British and Irish newspapers concerning the terms of familiarity on which Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Lord John O'Connor, member for Tipperary, meet. Lord John, in a public speech, claimed that Sir William addressed him familiarly as "John." This Sir William denies, and claims that he always met O'Connor on merely formal terms. All this is too bad. THE CITIZEN would mildly suggest that when Lord John next meets Sir William, he should call him "Bill," as a compromise. If that doesn't do, let him try "Billy." Sir William can hardly object to that. It is a most endearing phrase—suggestive of an antiquated billy goat. Sir William, if he doesn't like to call O'Connor plain "John," might switch off on "Jack" or "Johnny." We much fear that political education is sadly neglected in Great Britain and Ireland. If Harcourt and O'Connor would only visit a few of our Chicago wards during election times, and run across a few "heelers," with plenty of "grog" aboard, they would soon get thoroughly drilled in the modes of polite political pet names.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE CITIZEN earnestly requests all subscribers, in city or country, who fail to get their papers regularly, to report the fact to this office at once, so that proper investigation may be made. So many complaints of this nature have been made of late, that we are compelled to ask our friends to aid us in putting a stop to the abuse. When we print the full number of papers, and over the full number, each week, it is infamous that our subscribers should be disappointed and ourselves injured, by the carelessness or rascality of unknown persons. If our subscribers do as we request, we shall soon put an end to the trouble.

GLADSTONE'S PROSPECTS.

Mr. Gladstone has made a great hit in England by addressing himself to the wants of the English agricultural laborers—the Hodges and Jorrocks of Saxonland. Hitherto the patriarchal orator has confined himself mostly to cultivating the inhabitants of the cities and towns, where the Liberal element, except, perhaps, in London, is naturally stronger. Now, however, he perceives that "the inert mass" of unlettered laborers may prove a great factor in the coming campaign, and, accordingly, the consummate political captain has put himself on record as the champion of their welfare. He seeks to be their guide, counsellor and friend, to get them away from Tory influences and array them on the side of the Liberals and—Gladstone. The old gentleman, while reticent as to the provisions of his new—perhaps gutted—Irish Home Rule bill, always takes care to keep that issue before the English masses, doubtless because he is afraid the Tories, if beaten in the general election, might raise the cry that the battle was not fought out on the Home Rule issue. There can be no doubt about it this time. The Liberal party is pledged, first of all, to some kind of an Irish Home Rule measure, and it cannot recede from its position without entailing upon itself the penalty of defeat. Everything in England, at present, points to an overwhelming Tory defeat, and the return of Gladstone, if he lives, to power.

Meanwhile, the two wings of the Irish party have elected their respective leaders. Justin McCarthy retains his place at the head of the faction that seceded from Parnell, and Mr. John Redmond, the victor of Waterford, has been elected by the followers of the dead chief. A London dispatch of Tuesday says:

"It was stated in the lobby of parliament to-day that the Liberals are making private overtures to both sides with a view to bring about a union if possible between the contending Irish parties. So far no prospect of anything of the kind seems possible. Mr. Healy appears to be the virtual leader of the McCarthyites. Healy, Sexton and McCarthy were together most of the day. O'Brien and Dillon seem to be most in the background."

A BRUTE-WORSHIPPER.

Recent issues of the *Contemporary Review*, London, England, contain a series of articles by Charles Gavan Duffy, entitled "Conversations and Correspondence With Carlyle." What Mr. Duffy could see to admire in Carlyle, may well fill an Irishman with amazement. Of all the men who ever wrote in English, and who gained notoriety by their writings, Carlyle is probably the one whom Irishmen and all men of the Celtic race should hate the most. In all his voluminous trash, he never uttered a word of sympathy for Ireland, or for the race to which himself belonged. He was a toady and a time-server as well as a brute. He knew well that were he to let fall a word of commiseration for Ireland, or for the Celtic race, his bread and butter would be in danger; for the clique for whom he wrote would bear praises of the devil himself more patiently than even a sidelong laudation of any one or any thing Celtic. Carlyle was as unutterably mean as he was grotesquely brutal. He was ever on the side of the strong, and always against the weak. The history of literature furnishes no other instance of a literary man having become famous through the sheer power of brutality and baseness. Of literary merit he possesses none. With the exception of a few passages in his History of the French Revolution, no line he ever penned will live. Macaulay was almost as much of a brute and a toady as Carlyle, but Macaulay was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, prose writer that ever wrote in English, whereas Carlyle was nothing but an utterer of incoherent rhapsodies, most of which no one ever understood or ever will understand. He earned his bread by writing up Toryism, Anglo-Saxonism and Protestantism, deifying Cromwell, blackguarding "Popery" and stigmatizing the Celt. A Celt himself of the purest breed, he slandered his ancestors; his unspeakable baseness saw no wrong in lying and fabricating lies about his own race in order to please his Tory, Anglo-Saxon patrons. He visited Ireland almost in the middle of the awful famine which his ruffianly patrons rejoiced in, but he had no word of sympathy for the hunger-haunted shadows of men and women whom he must have seen. The literary brute who could describe the massacre of the garrison of Drogheda by Cromwell and utter no word of condemnation for it, could gaze unmoved on the starving multitudes of Ireland at a time when scores of vessels were daily carrying away from Ireland thousands of Irish beasts to feed his patrons in England.

How Mr. Duffy can claim to have been, or to be, an honest Irish patriot when he proves himself to have been a life long friend of Carlyle, is a mystery we would like to see cleared up. It appears from the "Conversations and Correspondence" in question, that it is nearly fifty years since Mr. Duffy and Carlyle formed the acquaintance with each other, and that their friendly feelings and intercommunication were kept up as long as Carlyle lived. One thing is evident, namely, that Mr. Duffy must either have been insincere in his professed love for Carlyle, or in his professed love for Ireland. If Carlyle were an acknowledged genius like Shakespeare, Hugo, or Milton, there *might* be some excuse for a man who hated his brutality being so charmed by his mental power as not to be able to break with him altogether. But as has already been said, and as is all but universally acknowledged, Carlyle was no genius. It was his extraordinary style that first brought him into notice. People at first bought his books to laugh at them; but when Tory Englishmen and Scotchmen saw the drift of his ideas, they knew that, whole brute half *omadhawn* as he was, he might be made useful to them. From the day he became first known by that extraordinary rhapsody and jumble, "Sartor Resartus," every utterance of his was meant, more or less, to be a laudation of all that was bloody, brutal, treacherous and horrible in English history. His last published utterance was a few lines in *Blackwood's* on the American Civil war. They were as brutal and ridiculous as any lines he ever wrote, full of the deadliest animosity against America and its institutions. His "French Revolution" is absolutely the only half decent work he ever wrote; and if Mr. Duffy and the admirers of Carlyle would buy up and burn everything else he ever wrote, they would confer a benefit on mankind and remove a stigma from his memory.

Mr. Duffy has long been considered as sincere in his Irish Nationalism. He has done good work for Ireland in the past. He is about the only prominent man now alive of the noble band, among whom Thomas Davis was noblest and greatest. Mr. Duffy was the friend of Davis; but how in heaven's name would he have been at one and the same time the friend of Davis and of Carlyle? This is what THE CITIZEN wants to know.

MR. BLAINE NOT A CANDIDATE.

Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, has sent a letter to the Hon. J. S. Clarkson, chairman of the Republican National Committee, in which he definitely declares that he will not be a candidate for the presidential nomination by his party at Minneapolis next June. It is perfectly understood that both Mr. Blaine's family and his physicians are averse to his being subjected to the strain of candidacy, which told so heavily on his health in 1884. Mr. Blaine's withdrawal leaves the field open to all other aspirants for presidential honors, with President Harrison himself very apparently in the lead. The usual number of "favorite sons" will, of course, be on hand, and nobody can tell anything about what may happen before June, but, at this writing, it would seem that the renomination of Gen. Harrison is a foregone conclusion.

THE PALTRY TORY PROGRAMME.

The Queen of England, that is the Marquis of Salisbury, has made a speech to the British Parliament. The feeble old woman at Windsor Castle, growing more and more disinclined toward public display, as the weary years close in upon her, did not even make an attempt at the opening of parliament. There was no parade of the Life Guards, no display of the battalions of the line—everything was gray, dull and depressing, as became the cloudy intellect of the female representative of the paltry House of Hanover. The House of Lords, we are told, looked as gloomy as a sepulchre, with its beggarly array of empty benches, and the alleged "faithful Commons" were glad to get back to their brandy and soda, after hearing the Queen's speech read, as is the custom. Hardly ever in the history of parliament was there so depressing an opening of that body. Smith's place was vacant on the government bench, and the great gap in the Irish benches (it looked as if nobody sat there at all), spoke more eloquently than a thousand funeral orations of the death of Parnell. Old Man Gladstone, too, preferred the warm breezes of the Mediterranean to the harsh east winds of the German Ocean, and beyond a short interchange of argument between Harcourt and Balfour there was nothing in the proceedings to attract even ordinary attention.

The portion of the Queen's make-believe speech which referred to Ireland was couched in the following terms:

"My Lords and Gentlemen: Proposals will be laid before you applying to Ireland the general principles of local government which have already been adopted in Great Britain. I trust it will be possible for you to consider provisions as to English local government, which for want of time it was necessary to omit from the former bill. A measure for increasing the number of small holdings in the agricultural districts of Great Britain will be submitted to you. You will be asked to consider a bill extending the advantages of assisted education to Ireland and for other purposes connected with elementary education in that country. A scheme modifying the system of procedure in regard to private bills so far as it affects Scotland and Ireland will be submitted to you."

And the foregoing is all that Salisbury has to offer in the way of remedying the crying evils of Ireland! "Proposals" for local government—a sort of parish system—instead of a bill for an Irish parliament. Even the slow intelligence of the English masses must discern the absurdity of the Tory programme. That party has greatly retrograded in statesmanship since the days when the Earl of Carnarvon, representing it as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made propositions to Parnell to overbid the Liberal offer of Home Rule. And that was in the year 1885. Salisbury is, indeed, the legitimate successor of Lord North.

"UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE."

This tale, which is based on strict historical lines, and which is begun in THE CITIZEN to-day, graphically depicts life in Ireland under the gloom of the penal cloud—the braving of the infamous laws by the pupil at the hedge school and the peasant at his devotions—the vigorous hunting of priests and schoolmasters, including the exploits of the fiendish "Shawn na-Soggarth"—the reunions and raids of the dashing Rapparees—the perilous work of recruiting for the Irish Brigade in the service of King Louis, and the departure of the valiant "Wild Geese." Transferred from Ireland to "far foreign fields," the changing scenes depict the stirring life of a soldier in the brigade, the prowess of Irish chivalry under opposing flags on the continent, and the heroism which reached a climax on the glorious field of Fontenoy. Marshal Saxe, Count Lally, General Dillon and other military celebrities of the period pass and repass before the reader, who acquires valuable familiarity with leading men and events of a time when the exiled sword of Ireland decided the issue of many an European battle.

LONDON "TIMES" VENOM.

In referring to the letter of a New Yorker, styling himself General Winter, who warned England to keep her hands out of the Chilian matter, the London *Times* of last Monday says: "The most cantankerous blockhead in England is not likely to go out of his way to make himself and his country ridiculous by the chatter that 'Gen.' Winter has written. This absurdity indicates the abysmal depths of folly and perversity to which American politicians have to descend in their competition for office and pursuit of votes. We do not know whether the Congressional Immigration committee's report may be classed as a campaign document. It is quite suited at any rate to the taste and intelligence of the aforesaid 'Gen.' Winter. The only convicts who have regularly betaken themselves to America are patriots like Davitt and Rossa, who have had no reason to suppose that they were unwelcome in a country where Congress welcomed Parnell and the President made Egan a diplomatist. A quarter of a century ago a patriotic American post could boast that no man was excluded from America; but Mr. Lowell's conception of the destinies of America was not that of Mr. Powderly. The absurd and dishonest talk about exporting convicts is a mere blind to cover the policy of excluding competitive labor, and should be noted by the Irish both at home and abroad."

Yes, the Irish note, "at home and abroad," that the *Times* shrieked after them, over the Atlantic waves, during the exodus of 1847-51—"the Celts are gone—gone with a vengeance," and that "the day would soon come, when an Irish Celt on the banks of the Shannon, would be as rare as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan."

ENGLISH HATRED OF AMERICA.

[*New York Sun, Feb. 2.*]

It is well for nations as it is for individuals to learn betimes who are their friends. Our differences with Chili, now ostensibly settled, have done us at least the service of disclosing, for the twentieth time, the malignant hostility with which Americans are regarded by a large and influential section of the English people. The spiteful comments of the London newspapers, Tory and Liberal, on our determination to uphold the honor of our flag have revealed what the so-called ties of kindred amount to. They prove that, outside of the advanced Radicals and Irish Nationalists, we have scarcely any real friends in the United Kingdom; that the great majority not only of the Tories and Whigs, but also of such Liberals as are engaged in trade and manufactures, feel as much hatred for this country as did their forefathers in 1776, 1812, and 1862; and that we still have an implacable, though now a relatively timorous and impotent enemy in the classes preponderant in parliament and London society. We are glad that our British ill-wishers have shown their hands, and we beg to assure them with equal frankness that their antipathy is reciprocated, and that any trace of sympathy or admiration for things English on this side of the Atlantic is confined to a few hundred silly women of both sexes.

Because we have declined to permit the uniformed seamen of the United States to be murdered with impunity in the streets of Valparaiso we have been incessantly taunted by the London press with bullying a weak and helpless commonwealth. We waited three months before peremptorily demanding reparation, but in the opinion of our affectionate kinsmen beyond the sea we ought to have waited till the Greek Kalends. What, the English newspapers virtually say, does the killing of a couple of Yankee sailors signify? We ought, they seem to think, to be thankful that the life of our Minister at Santiago was spared. This charge of bullying is so idiotic in itself and so preposterous in an English mouth, that we can only explain it on the theory that whenever American dignity and honor are in question the English intellect is clouded by a rush of black blood to the head. The spectacle of Brother Jonathan asserting self respect seems to have the same effect upon his British relative that is produced by a red rag brandished before the nostrils of a bad tempered but tethered and exasperated bull. The animal cannot express himself in deeds, and has to vent his fury in snorts and roars. From the sourness and disgust with which the London press received the news that Chili had at last come to her senses, it is plain enough what issue of the controversy was wished for. Evidently Englishmen had caressed the hope that the Capitan Prat and Pinto might put to sea, and that, with the help of three other war vessels purchased of the Armstrongs and the Lairds, the Chilians might manage to inflict humiliation and destruction on the City of New York. One can imagine the rancorous delight with which the demolition of our public buildings by Chilian ironclads would be chronicled by the descendants of the men who burned the Capitol at Washington. When England, having been subjected to a trivial indignity, gives a petty power twenty four hours in which to salute her flag and proffer an adequate indemnity, it is, we are told, a splendid affirmation of the boast, *Civis Anglicanus sum*. But when the United States, after waiting three months, insists upon redress, it is, it seems, the act of a bully, who ought to be pilloried in the public opinion of the world and whose castigation would be viewed with rejoicing in Great Britain.

As it is, the English newspapers console themselves for the fact that there may be no war after all with the assumption that our controversy with Chili has dealt a death blow to our reciprocity programme and to our attainment of political influence on the South American continent. Even so comparatively sober-minded a journal as the *Spectator*, a Liberal Unionist organ, exults in the belief that all the Latin-American States from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn will agree in resenting our treatment of the Chilian Republic. Well, if they resent a single exhibition on our part of reluctance to swallow an affront, they must feel ten-fold more bitterly toward the British government, which on a dozen occasions has evinced a like unwillingness to pocket insults. As for distrust and jealousy of political pretensions, they are much more likely to be provoked by England, the professional spoliator of weak States, than by the traditional vindicator of the doctrine "America for the Americans." The Latin-Americans have good sense and long memories. They have not forgotten that scarcely had we recovered from the scock of our Civil War when we summarily ejected the soldiers of Napoleon III from Mexico; and they know that at this moment, while we do not own an inch of ground in South America, England is the possessor of British Guiana, and as such is engaged in browbeating and robbing the republic of Venezuela.

If it were conceivable that the classes now dominant in the British parliament would retain ascendancy for a quarter of a century we might have to make up our minds to give England a lesson, which would be administered to her moral renovation and to the satisfaction of the civilized world. But the people whose prejudices and rancors are reflected in the London press will before long be taken in hand and thoroughly disciplined by their own countrymen. There is a time coming when the much talked of sympathy between the United States and the United Kingdom will cease to be a sham. We have a cordial fellow feeling for those Irish subjects of Queen Victoria, who, speaking through the Dublin municipal council, refused to congratulate the late Duke of Clarence on his intended marriage; and so we have with those British workingmen who at the meeting of the Miners' Trade Union declined to pass a vote of condolence on the Duke's death. With such men we should never quarrel. They are, indeed, of our own blood, and we are proud of them. They share our ingrained contempt of monarchical pretensions and our detestation of class distinction. We are with them heart and soul in their determination to make England a democracy in fact as well as hope. Nor can we find a more effective way of furthering their purpose than by doing once more this year what we did in 1885 and 1886, viz, promoting by generous subscriptions the triumph at the general election of the Irish Nationalists, who are certain to co-operate with British workingmen at Westminster. To raise forthwith an ample parliamentary fund for Ireland, that is the fit and telling answer to the viperish attitude maintained by English Unionists throughout the Chilian affair.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD WALSH, No. 4441 Ellis avenue, have a new arrival at their pleasant home, in the shape of a vigorous baby boy. The happy couple have the congratulations of all their friends, among whom THE CITIZEN has the honor to number itself.

People who use arsenical preparations for their complexion, do so at the risk of their lives. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is guaranteed free from any injurious drug, and is, therefore, the safest as well as the most powerful blood medicine in the world. It makes the skin clear.

CAPTAIN BOURKE'S BOOK

Reviewed by the "Atlantic Monthly" in Terms of Commendation.

The Career of Crook as an Indian Fighter Dwelt Upon.

[*Continued from last week.*]

Crook had but little rest, for he was shortly again sent to Arizona, where governmental ignorance and red tape, the rascality of Indian agents and the greed and lawlessness of the white frontiersmen, had undone most of the work which had been accomplished during the early seventies. He speedily restored confidence in the minds of the well affected Indians, and from among them organized a very efficient expeditionary force, with which he brought in the hostiles. This was his last service in the field, but before his death he did some important work with both Utes and Sioux in preserving peace, and procuring sessions of their lands on terms favorable to the Indians and advantageous to *bona fide* white settlers.

Captain Bourke not only describes the actual campaign and fighting with great force and clearness, but he draws many vivid and truthful pictures of that strange and hazardous frontier life which is now completely a thing of the past. He also presents us with much curious information about the life and tribal and individual customs of the Indians themselves, of whom he has been a most close, intelligent, and sympathetic observer. Moreover, his remarks upon our Indian policy have a very great value, as being the words of an expert. No man, whether in Congress or out of it, who appreciates the gravity of the Indian problem, and is anxious to grapple with it intelligently, should fail to read Captain Bourke's book. What he says about the Indian schools is well worthy of attention, and so are all his remarks in relation to breaking up the tribal system, the absolute need of treating the Indians with justice, and the folly of waging war upon every tribe where there happens to be an epidemic of dancing and ghost-seeing. The book is very pleasantly written, and there is no little humor in some of the descriptions, such as that of the amateur soldier "bronco busters" and their experiences, given on page 5, or the account of the scout Ute John, who scorned to discuss the campaign with any of the subordinate officers, and always greeted General Crook with the affability of a friend and equal, hailing him with "Hello Cluke, how you gettin' on? Where you tink dem Settin' Bull and Crazy Horse is now, eh, Cluke?" Captain Bourke's style, however, is susceptible o' improvement, and he could do much by merely reading over his manuscript aloud and striving to make his sentences shorter and more simple. Moreover, while we wish his work were twice as long as it is, it is yet true that it could with advantage be compressed in some respects, notably where he gives lists of names. Some of his pages (page 390, for instance) look like the roster of a regiment. There is no more object in printing the names of a hundred or so lieutenants and captains who accompanied a given expedition than there would be in printing the names of all the private soldiers who accompanied it. So with the names of the Indians on page 391. They would be interesting in an appendix devoted to the subject of Indian nomenclature, but they are entirely out of place where they break in on the narrative.

It is much to be regretted that Captain Bourke has not included in his book the best piece of literary work he has ever done. A year or so ago he wrote an account of McKenzie's surprise of the Cheyenne camp in the winter of 1876. This was published first in the *Army and Navy Journal*, and afterwards in pamphlet form. It need scarcely be said that a magazine article and a pamplet alike are but one degree less ephemeral in character than an article in a newspaper. Captain Bourke's account of McKenzie's night attack is one of the most thrilling bits of war narrative which it has ever been our good fortune to read. It is, without exception, the very best description of an Indian battle to be found in American literature; yet he has not reproduced it in his book, contenting himself with a mere bald statement of the results of the fight.

In this striking sketch, which would so well bear reprinting in permanent form, Captain Bourke brings vividly before our eyes the beginning of the winter campaign amid the snow clad wastes of northern Wyoming. He shows us the march of the troops through the arctic severity of the weather; the ground like ringing iron under their feet, while sun dogs glimmered luridly in the foggy sky. He writes with keen insight and sympathy not only of the rugged soldiers and their commanders, but also of the stalwart frontiersmen who acted as scouts and managed the pack-trains, and of the great band of Indian allies, forming nearly a third of the expeditionary force; it was composed of Pawnees, Shoshones, Sioux and Arapahoes, under some of their most noted chiefs and warriors. He shows clearly the inestimable service performed by these Indian scouts, and he also makes equally clear the benefits accruing from the extreme efficiency which General Crook had introduced into the whole pack train service. He then describes the accidental discovery of the Cheyenne village, and McKenzie's night march through a vast, grim canon of the Big Horn Mountains. In stirring words he portrays the halt of the white troops and their red allies so near the Cheyenne camp that they could here the ominous throbbing of the war-drums and the pattering of feet and the shouts of the dancers, as the warriors celebrated a recent surprise of a Shoshone village. Then he describes the thundering rush with which the red and white horsemen stormed the camp at dawn, the foremost in the charge being the Indian allies, headed by a half dozen West Point officers and white scouts; the Pawnees being led by their own medicine men, sitting naked and unmoved on their horses, and crooning weirdly on their sacred fingeolets in the midst of the hail of bullets. After this came the fight and slaughter, the destruction of the Cheyenne camp, the capture of the Cheyenne pony herd and of all the goods of the tribe, as well as of their ghastly trophies of former victories, including scalps, necklaces of finger-bones, and the dried hands and arms not only of men, but of women and little children. Yet all day long the Cheyennes, as remarkable for their bravery as for their inhuman cruelty, stood at bay, and withdrew under cover of night, to begin their long fight, fraught with unspeakable hardship and suffering, through the iron winter weather, to the camp of Crazy Horse.

Not the least of the many admirable qualities of Captain Bourke's book is its healthy and thorough-going Americanism. It is a good thing to have some adequate tribute paid to the generals and soldiers who have done honor to the nation by their feats of arms during the last quarter of a century of what we are accustomed to consider profound peace. We are, as a people, curiously ignorant of the noteworthy military deeds performed by our troops in the grim frontier warfare of this period. In this we offer a by no means pleasant contrast to the English, who always show a prompt and hearty appreciation of what their soldiers accomplish on their Indian and African frontiers. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has done nearly as much for Tommy Atkins and his Indian friends and foes as Bret Harte before him did for the Californian miners; but no such writer has arisen to bring home to us the life work of our own Western soldiers. So it is with their commanders. It is to the credit of the English that their reading public is so quick to recognize and record the services of Sir Frederic Roberts and Lord Wolseley. Contrast this with the attitude of our own reading public. Only a small fraction thereof is acquainted with the campaigns waged against foes more terrible than the Pathan or Zulu—infinitely more terrible than the contemptible soldiery of Arabi Pasha—by Crook, Custer and Miles, to mention American soldiers with whose exploits and military standing those of Roberts and Wolseley can legitimately be compared. Many of our people who know well enough by name the Sikh and Goorka auxiliaries of the British army would be puzzled by a reference to Major North's Pawnee scouts or the Apaches of Captain Crawford; and it is possible that some of them, at least, are better acquainted with the campaigns in Ashantee and Afghanistan than with those in Montana and Arizona. To these good persons we recommend Captain Bourke's book as an urgently needed piece of missionary work concerning their own history and their own land; and we earnestly hope that we shall see more such books in the future.—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

A Ship Canal From Chicago to the Mississippi.

[*To the Editor.*]

FARIBAULT, Minn., Feb. 9.—The people are taking deep interest in railways north and south to the Gulf of Mexico, and the waterways of the Nicaragua canal, the Mississippi and its tributaries. A ship canal from Lake Superior to the Mississippi would turn the waters of Lake Superior to the Mississippi, which would give deep water navigation from the Gulf of Mexico to St. Paul.

Chicago should have a ship canal from Chicago to the Mississippi, which would turn the waters of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi.

This canal would improve the health of city of Chicago, as its sewerage would find its way to the ocean. In the event of a ship canal from Lake Superior to the Mississippi, and from Chicago to the Mississippi, draining both Lake Superior and Lake Michigan it would make the River St. Lawrence a mere stream. England's ships of war could not molest the lake cities of the United States. Chicago could send her freight by ocean steamers to the ports of Europe, Mexico, West Indies, and on the completion of the Nicaragua canal, to China, Japan and Australia. Chicago should put the ball in motion to promote this national enterprise.

Illinois, Wisconsin, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri and the Northwestern and Southern states as well as the whole Union, would be benefitted by this enterprise. It would be a glorious sight to see American ships of war in the harbors of Chicago, St. Louis and St. Paul. Ship canals connecting the waters of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan with the Gulf of Mexico would bind the Union forever. Chicago should bring the matter before Congress.

P. CUDMORE.

THE LONDON PARLIAMENT.

HARCOURT SPEAKS FOR THE OPPOSITION.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—William Vernon Harcourt said it was his first duty to express the sympathy of the opposition for the royal family in the loss sustained in the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. Next he said the opposition recognized the merits of Mr. Balfour as the new government leader in the House, and added he believed that Mr. Balfour would always sustain the honor and privileges of the House of Commons.

With regard to the Irish local government bill, Sir William said it was a matter he wished carried out. If a genuine, honest measure was promoted the opposition would support it, but they could not regard it as local government if only some application of the county council system was to be taken as settling the question of self government.

[Cries of "Hear, hear."] Sir William said Lord Salisbury's recent speech at Exeter about a Catholic regime in Ireland in the event of home rule being granted did not promise well for the liberality of the coming bill. The remarks of the Prime Minister at Exeter, Sir William declared, were as unfounded historically as they were unstatesmanlike in character. Those remarks could only mean that nowhere under English rule ought a Catholic majority to possess the right of a majority.

Suppose, he asked, such remarks were made in Canada or Australia?

BALFOUR IN REPLY

Responding to Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Balfour made reference to the death of the Right Hon. William Henry Smith, and said he desired to walk in the footsteps of that admirable leader of the House. Sir William, Mr. Balfour stated, had distorted the meaning of Lord Salisbury's remarks in his Exeter speech. Proposals of the ministers granting an extension of local government, as well as an education measure to Ireland would show that the government had confidence in a Catholic majority. He hoped that Sir William's silence on the other topics in the Queen's speech indicated that the debate on the address in reply would not be prolonged.

SEXTON'S OBJECTION

LONDON, Feb. 10.—In the house of commons to-day Mr. Thomas Sexton, member for West Belfast, gave notice that he would move an amendment to the address in reply to the queen's speech, declaring that a majority of the Irish people and their representatives in the house of commons are convinced of the inability of the imperial parliament to legislate for Ireland in the manner required by the distinctive interests of that country.

This conviction, the amendment will declare, has been intensified by the manifest failure of the Land Purchase act to afford a basis for an extension of the class of occupying tenants.

P. J. O'BRIEN CAUSES A SENSATION.

Cunninghame Graham in the course of his speech in the house of commons to-day alluded to the death of Mr. Parnell, and deplored the loss of a remarkable figure in the house and the greatest statesman of the century. He said:

"If Englishmen did not love him they at least feared him."

At this point Patrick J. O'Brien, Parnellite, jumped up and cried:

"Ye, and no one more than the cowards that betrayed him."

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL!*

Hon. James G Blaine.

BY JAMES E. KINSELLA.

When a bantam crows over our nation
And struts in a swaggering way,
When our "Stars" are pulled down from their station—
Our men are shot down in broad day!
Our blood boils, beholding the slaughter
Bedewing that treacherous plain,
Puny Chile exults. Have they taught her
To try and build dz Mr. Blaine?

Some statesmen are weak kneed and tremble,
They blow hot and cold in a day.
To the crisis they cringe and dissemble,
This bloodshed they'd fain argue away.
It sticks there, besmirching our honor,
Shall we brook this insult and refrain
From launching our vengeance upon her?—
Columbia now calls upon Blaine!

When the ship of the Nation does bend her
Bare breast to the stroke of the storm,
And the wild wind to tatters would rend her
Sails, swathing and shielding her form—
When the seas white with fury are lashing,
As to whelm and to tear her in twain—
While the lightning's forked falchion is flashing
Its brand forged by Cain!

Then the crew are dismayed. For disaster
Rides high on the ravenous blast.
From its lair leaps the thunder, and faster
Grey clouds, like ill omens fly past.
Exulting, the shark cleaves the ocean
Grim Despair then bestrides all the main.
Over all this o'erwhelming commotion
Arises the outcry for Blaine!

The Man and the Hour! For behind him
Great heart of the country will swell.
Her helmsman Columbia will find him,
His counsel her terror dispel.
Let the gale work its maniac pleasure!
And the lightning dark ambush reveal
Let the thunder boom mightiest measure!
We're safe—there's a Man at the Wheel!

Then stilled be the strife of each faction,
Be we Celts, be we Saxons, or Swedes!
We are *one*, when the time calls for action!
We are ripe for the bravest of deeds.
Even they who were foes when opposing
The Freemen that freed every slave,
They are one for our weal, and for closing
The gulf that gapes grim as the grave!

Tho' fierce be the storm as it rages,
And Terror is lord of the night,
Yet our good ship is stanch, she engages
The billows with dauntless delight!
Our port can be seen o'er the foaming
Expanse which we gallantly sail,
All our peril is past with our roaming—
Our Pilot has weathered the gale!

* It is only simple justice to say that the President, equally with Mr. Blaine, is entitled to the credit of having upheld the national honor during the recent Chilian imbroglio.—EDITOR CITIZEN.

Havlin's Theatre.

It is with feelings of genuine pleasure that Mr. Havlin announces the appearance at his dainty and popular Wabash avenue theater—the Home Theater of the South Side—of that great Chicago favorite, Mattie Vickers, during the week beginning with the matinee Sunday, Feb. 14. Miss Vickers' home is in Chicago, and her name is a household word in all parts of the World's Fair City. As her engagement opens on St. Valentine's Day, it will be safe in saying that the charming soubrette will be the most acceptable kind of a valentine. During the week Miss Vickers will be seen in her latest and best plays, "The Circus Queen" and "Edelweiss." "The Circus Queen," which was recently produced, has proved a great and genuine success. It is a jolly, rollicking comedy with a good plot, and was especially written to drive away the blues.

Mr. Havlin is greatly pleased to herald the coming of that sterling, strong and interesting drama, "After Dark," to his theater the week of Feb. 21. The play will be strongly cast and staged, with splendid and realistic scenery and novel mechanical effects.

"CITY OF THE WORLD."

News that Interests All Catholics from the City of the Cæsars, and of the Pontiffs

False Rumors Concerning the Health of Pope Leo—Other Matters of Moment.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

The alarm given this week about the Holy Father's health arose from the following very simple facts: The Pope's principal physicians, Drs. Ceccarelli and Lapponi, live together. As Leo XIII. had been slightly hoarse on Thursday morning they suggested paying him a visit in the evening. Arrived at the Vatican, they were told that his Holiness had retired to his apartments since 6:30 p. m. Now, it is not very generally known that when the Pope has retired no one has the right to enter or even knock at the door. This consigne is for everyone, and even the physicians are not excepted. Consequently the two medical gentlemen proposed to wait in the ante-chamber until Leo XIII. rang, thinking that at most they would not have long to wait. But it happened that the Holy Father did not ring that evening until 9:30 p. m. He then asked for the evening papers. When told that the doctors were waiting to be received he asked with astonishment: "What have they come for?" Nevertheless he admitted them to his presence, and they were able to certify that Leo XIII. was almost entirely recovered from his slight indisposition. They quitted the Vatican in one of the Pontificial carriages. The Holy Father then sent for Mgr. Mazzolini to recite the Breviary with him, and at 11 o'clock retired to rest. As it was remarked that the doctors had remained so long in the Vatican (they left at 10 o'clock), it was immediately rumored about the city that Leo XIII. must be very ill. Hence all the rest. Even graphic descriptions of last moments were not wanting. The Holy Father reads all the papers and laughs heartily at the vivid imagination of nineteenth century journalists.

REQUIEM MASS FOR CARDINAL MANNING.

A solemn requiem mass was celebrated for Cardinal Manning at the Church of St. Silvestro-in-Capite on Friday, 22d inst. The Right Rev. Dr. Virtue, Bishop of Portsmouth, was the celebrant, and also gave the absolution. The Rev. Dr. Giles, rector of the English College at Rome, was the assistant priest. The deacon and sub-deacon were supplied by the Irish and Scotch colleges. The following Latin inscription, composed by Monsignore Campbell, rector of the Scots College, was placed over the church door:

Henrico Edvardo Manning,
SS. Andreæ et Gregorii, presbytero
cardinali, archiepiscopo, Westmonasteriensi
qvi ex alieno in ovile Christi
cooptatvs, obsequivm erga Romanam sedem
exemplo avctoritate ministerio avxit
Petri privilegivm et pontificiam libertatem
strenvvs adservit
parvvlorvm tenviorvm opificvm
Mores colvit officia edocvit ivra
vindicavit pastoris boni
opvs consvmmatvm deo ortvlit

The members of the prelature present were Archbishops Persico, Kirby, Stonor, Grasselli, and two Canadian bishops; Monsignore Campbell, rector of the Scots College; Prior Glynn, Father Kelly, rector of the Irish college; Rev. Dr. Prior, Abbott Smith, vice-rector of the English college; Rev. Dr. Rooker, vice-rector of the North American college; Monsignore Leconini, minutante for the British Isles; Rev. Father White, procurator of the Trappists; Rev. Father Francis New, Monsignore Harrington Moore, the Rev. Fathers Lockhart, Mackay, Hirst, Walsh, etc. Lord and Lady Dufferin, Major Slade, and several members of the embassy were present, and, among others, the Marchioness Sertupi, Countess Cardelli, Count Salemei (Noble Guard to his Holiness), Lady Seaton, Mrs. Astor Bristol, Mr. Leo Thompson, Mrs. Coxon and daughter, Mrs. Farrelly, Madame Cappa, Mr. French, etc. The music, which was of the highest order, was much admired, especially the rendering of the plaintive "Dies Ira"—

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra

—seemed to find an echo in every heart that God's faithful servant did not plead in vain for entry among the blessed of his Father. The choir was composed as follows: Conductor, Rev. Dom Wilfred Charles Corney, O. S. B.; cantors, the Rev. Dom Wilfred New, O. S. B., and Rev. Fr. Mason, of the English college; choir, students of the English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian and North American colleges. The entire Anglo-American resident colony, as well as passing visitors, occupied every inch of the church, which was most tastefully draped with black and gold. On the four sides of the splendid catafalque the dead Cardinal's coat of arms was represented, and the red biretta, emblem of his rank in the Hierarchy, was placed on the bier, sadly reminding the assistants that the noble wearer was no longer in need of earthly covering. The dignity of the celebrant, and the solemnly religious and profoundly touching character of the ceremony were remarked by all, as well as the perfect order and regularity with which everything was carried out by the directors. Several of the Camaldolese monks from Cardinal Manning's Titula rchurch on the Cœlian Hill were also present.

ECCLESIASTICAL BREVITIES.

The Feast of St. Agnes was celebrated in Rome on Thursday week.

All the Anglo American colony assisted at the pretty ceremony of the blessing of the lambs destined for future Palliums at St. Agnese Fuori le Porto Pia.

A religious ceremony for the Duke of Clarence was celebrated in the Protestant church in Rome on Wednesday week. Lord and Lady Dufferin were present.

The Church of St. Andrae delle Fratte was from Sunday until Wednesday, one might say, crowded from morning until night. The celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the Jew Ratisbonne's miraculous conversion was kept in that favorite sanctuary with the greatest solemnity. The lights, flowers, and music, as well as the beautiful decorations of the entire church, made the scene one of fairy like beauty and impressiveness.

THE BENEDICTINE COLLEGE.

The new Benedictine College, towards the foundation of which his Holiness promised a contribution of 1 000 000 francs, will shortly be commenced on the Aventine Hill. Count Vespignani, who had at first raised some difficulties, has finally consented to follow the plans drawn up by Pere Hildebrand, of Belgium. —*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. Father Logue preached at high mass last Monday in the Holy Family church.

Miss Alice Coffey, the well known contralto, has accepted an engagement in the quartet of St. Mary's church on Wabash avenue.

The Rev. Father Pouziglioni, S. J., celebrated mass and delivered a religious instruction at the Bridewell at 7 o'clock this morning.

The parochial and convent school buildings of St. Anne's parish in course of construction will probably be completed and ready for the opening of spring.

The next lecture of the sodality lecture course will be given on the 15th inst. The Rev. E. M. Dunne, D. D., of St. Columbkill's church, will lecture on "A Prophetic Biography."

The Rev. Father Healy, C. S. Sp., the African missionary, lectured last Monday in St. Anne's church, on Garfield boulevard and Wentworth avenue, at the 11 o'clock high mass.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, a religious order devoted exclusively to the care of the aged, have established another house in this city to be located on Twenty fifth street and South Park avenue.

The Rev. P. J. Agnew began a course of lectures before the Union Catholic Library Association last Friday evening at 8 o'clock. The course will include every Friday evening during the month.

The time honored custom in the Catholic church of blessing of throats on the feast of St. Blaise was observed in all the churches in the city last Wednesday week. Many thousands availed themselves of the opportunity to show their strong belief in that simple ceremony.

The Newman Literary Circle of St. Catherine's church in Austin has grown wonderfully, and is now thoroughly equipped for the various exercises of this excellent organization.

The Catholic Young Men's Society of St. Columbkill's parish gave the closing entertainment of the season in Princess hall, West Madison street, last Wednesday evening. The programme is an unusually attractive one, and will include a lecture by the Hon. Thomas Moran, of the Appellate court. Subject: "What We Owe to the Puritans."

At the recent annual election of the St. James Young Men's Catholic Society the following gentlemen were elected to fill the principal offices the ensuing year: President, J. J. Edgeworth; vice-president, W. H. Smith; secretary, P. J. Keyes; treasurer, C. Taffe; librarian, H. Moran. This is one of the most flourishing societies of the kind in the city.

Union Catholic Library Association.

The Union Catholic Library Association will celebrate Washington's Birthday on the 22d inst., by giving a War Song Concert, to be held at Kimball Hall, on Wabash avenue. Several prominent speakers will also participate. A full account of the entertainment will be given in next week's issue.

Miss Alice Coffey has been engaged as contralto of St. Mary's church.

UNITED STATES COURT.

An Editor Acquitted of the Charge of Printing a Lottery Advertisement.

Joseph Mueller, who was charged with having published a lottery advertisement in the *Dodge County Pioneer*, at Mayville, was acquitted in the United States court yesterday. The case is an important victory for the Louisiana State Lottery. It was charged that a certain notice that appeared in the paper, which is a German weekly, was an advertisement under the new law forbidding the mailing of publications containing lottery advertisements. The card read as follows:

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!
CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

While it is true that I have been elected president of the Louisiana State Lottery company, Vice M. A. Dauphin, deceased, I am still president of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing company, and all orders for material, machinery, etc., as well as all other business letters, should be addressed to me as before. PAUL CONRAD, box 1,358, New Orleans.

Gen. E. S. Bragg, of Fond du Lac, defended Mueller, arguing that the advertisement did not come within the scope of the statute. The jury was out but a few minutes.—*Milwaukee, (Wis.) Sentinel, Feb. 4*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable
Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
136 West Madison street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6.
per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
803 West Taylor street, between Halsted
street and Blue Island avenue.

Attorneys.

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Chicago.

C. H. MITCHELL & E. F. RYAN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
175 Dearborn-st., Rooms 13-14, Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors.
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods
Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a
Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
249 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of
Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy
Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Headquarters for Imported Dilisk,
113 Erie-st., corner Market,
Chicago.

Dry Goods, Notions, Etc.

P. F. RYAN & CO.,
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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County, of the January term, A. D. 1892. The Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, vs Josie Fitzgerald alias Josie Myron, Frank Myron, her alleged husband, and Mary A. Fitzgerald. In Chancery, No. 100,259.

Notice is hereby given to the said Josie Fitzgerald, alias Josie Myron, and Frank Myron, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D., 1892, as it is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

EDWARD J. McARDLE, ATTORNEY, 85 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET FAGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Fagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1892, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 5, 1892.
PATRICK L. McARDLE,
Administrator of estate of said Margaret Fagan, deceased.

MY PHILOSOPHY

I ain't nor don't p'tend to be
Much posted on philosofy;
But there is times, when all alone,
I work out ideas of my own.
And of these same there is a few
I'd like to jest refer to you,
Pervidin that you don't object
To listen 'tos'; and rickollect.

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute;
No matter ef his daily walk
Is subject fer his neighbor's talk,
And critic minds of ev'ry whim
Jes' all git up and go for him.

I knowed a feller one't that had
The yaller janders mighty bad,
And each and ev'ry friend he'd meet
Would stop and give him some receet
For curin of 'em. But he'd say
He kind o' thought they'd go away
Without no medicine, and boast
That he'd git well without one doste.

He kep' a yallerin on, and they
Perdictin that he'd die some day
Before he knowed it! Tuck his bed,
The feller did, and lost his head,
And wandered in his mind a spell,
Then rallied and at last got well;
But ev'ry friend that said he'd die
Went back on him eternally.

It's nachural enough, I guess,
When some gits more and some gits less,
For them uns on the slimmest side
To claim it ain't a fair divide;
And I've knowed some to lay and wait,
And git up soon and set up late,
To ketch some fellow they could hate
Fer goin at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A findin fault with Providence,
And balkin 'cause the world don't shake
At ev'ry prancin step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My docteren is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Just do your best, and praise or blame
That follers, that counts just the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Omaha World-Herald.

THE MODERN MOLOCH

Five minutes to 7.

Dow's great factory was as silent as a churchyard. The great, broad belts hung limp. The monster flywheels seemed to be so many obstructions barring the light. The long shafts that transmitted power to the hundreds of machines looked like cold rays of light. The machinery had a grim look. Much of it was as forbidding as the teeth that grin in the jaws of a skull. That was the impression it made on Dr. Jayne as he accompanied John Dow, Jr., through department after department.

"How many people do you employ?"

"Nearly 800 on our pay roll—men and boys."

"Keeps you pretty close. I suppose you never get a holiday."

Dow, Jr., laughed. "On the contrary, my father goes away whenever he desires a change: I go off every fall, hunting and fishing: stay away two and three weeks—been away six: and the shop never missed us."

Doctor Jayne's look of wonder invited the explanation, given with pardonable pride.

"System—method, doctor. If I do say it myself, Dr. Jayne, you won't find a factory in the country, giving employment to as many hands, where everything runs as smoothly as at Dow's. We do everything methodically here—all the departments divided upon systematic lines, regulated like clockwork."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I have been told a thousand miles away from home that Dow is regarded as the model establishment of the country."

"The only way to run a factory," said Dow, Jr., in a matter of fact way that impressed the doctor, who was making a round of the workshops in quest of information he deemed essential to the completeness of a book he had in hand.

"How do you keep track of your people? So many coming and going, I suppose you don't know your own operatives."

Dow, Jr., took out his watch, glanced from it to a clock at the end of a room they were in and said:

"Just wait a minute and you'll see. Stand near this window, doctor."

The doctor observed a number of men and boys coming into the factory yard. All carried dinner pails or baskets in their hands. They trooped into the mill in droves, by twos and threes, singly, laughing, talking, pushing and shoving each other, until they entered the department the doctor was in. There the flow of good natured chaff ceased as the operatives took their places at the machines they attended to. As they passed the timekeeper's office the doctor heard the timekeeper and his assistant repeating in monotonous tones:

"Thirty-six, seventeen, three hundred four, forty-five, eleven, seven hundred one, two, nine, twenty-one, five hundred," as the arrival of the operatives was recorded.

Suddenly a gong sounded—the doctor started; simultaneously the long, narrow belts and the big, broad belts became taut: the monster flywheels revolved; the long line of pulleys overhead whirled; the machines, big and little, champed as they seemed to whet their teeth on red hot and cold iron, munching it in their jaws like ravenous monsters and tossing the iron out again like so many husks or empty shells after they had absorbed the kernel. The sound that filled the room as iron met iron, welding, cutting, shaving and pounding, was deafening; the whirling pulleys and eccentric movements of the machinery added to the confusion.

Seven o'clock precisely, and to a second every man, woman and boy in Dow's factory was at work.

Doctor Jayne readily excused Dow, Jr., who was called away by a handsome young fellow, a friend evidently, and looked wonderingly at the operations of a machine beside him. A very small boy attended the machine. The movements of the small boy's arms and hands were so regular that Doctor Jayne insensibly associated him with the machine. It was difficult to tell where the machine ended and the boy began. The small boy never made a false move. The bit of iron was lifted with one hand from one point, the same piece in another form was caught up dexterously thirty seconds later from the machine, although seemingly the same instant.

However, as the machine manipulated thirty pieces in a minute, it followed, as a matter of course, that the small boy was not slinging the same piece of iron at himself through the machine as rapidly as appearances indicated. The small boy's eyes were never off the machine; his hands seemed to be a part and parcel of it. It made the doctor tired to look at him. He looked at the boy-machine, or machine-boy fully ten minutes before he discovered that the boy's foot was a part of the mechanical operation. Hands, eyes, feet—all were going—all on the jump.

"Curious, isn't it?"

Doctor Jayne turned to find Dow, Jr., at his elbow.

"That boy makes 150,000 movements every day. First he picks up the blank from the tray, puts it in the groove, while he removes with his other hand the piece coming out here. If you notice every time he reaches out his right hand he lifts his left foot, presses this treadle and he has to toss the piece from the machine to the elevator."

"What's his name?"

"You'll have to ask him. All we know is that he runs number eleven."

"He doesn't look eleven," said the doctor. Dow, Jr., smiled.

"We have them at all ages." Then, addressing the boy: "You'll have a holiday tomorrow. We'll shut down."

The small boy blinked both eyes and nodded, and Dow, Jr., led Dr. Jayne through the other departments.

When the doctor returned to his office he tried to estimate the probable length of time that the very small boy who operated number eleven in Dow's factory could keep it up. There were fifty-two weeks in a year, sixty working hours in a week in round numbers. Nearly 50,000,000 motions in a year. Then the doctor drew a mean in estimating the pulse—what looked like a very neat calculation caused the doctor to ponder profoundly. If a man or woman had a little rest—recreation now and then—it wouldn't be so bad, but the outlook for the small boy was not encouraging.

Somehow the doctor could not dismiss the small boy from his mind the next day. He heard the whirling, whirling, whirling of the pulleys; the clamp, clamp, clamp of iron; smelled the oil that greased the million bearings in Dow's factory. The impression made by the very small boy and the ravenous machine was not a pleasant one.

He was sitting alone before a ruddy fire (he was a bachelor) when the calculations growing around the small boy were broken by a summons. The summons was unexpected, but Dr. Jayne was one of the professional men who believe they owe something to their fellows. He accompanied his visitor to a squalid part of the city, ascended a long, dark flight of stairs, and was ushered into a meanly furnished room, provided with a lounge and an old fashioned truckbed. The lounge was falling apart. The truckbed had a thin straw tick on it and a ragged quilt—no blanket. On the tick lay a boy with his face to the wall.

There were foul smells in the alley below the window. The house had a sour smell. The walls were damp. Wretched poverty was stamped on everything in the room; there was a sound of drunken revelry in the upper and lower rooms and in the alley.

"What is the matter with him?"

An old, old woman, with snow white hair, eyes dimmed with age and palsied hands, rose from the lounge with difficulty, and in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper said:

"It's—like—a fever, sir."

She stood beside the bed as the doctor spoke to the boy. "Turn your face this way and look at me."

The little limp form turned slowly over and Dr. Jayne looked down into the bright eyes, on the burning cheeks of the boy he had observed in Dow's factory. The doctor looked at him intently, felt his pulse, then, in low, measured tones:

"A crime! a shameful crime! Overtasked—murdered—slow murder—murdered by inches!" Then, turning to the old woman, "What made these marks on his wrists and arms?"

The boy turned his face away. The old woman looked distressed. Her hands were moving up and down her faded gown; they caught each other and fell helplessly away as she answered in that loud whisper that was more effective than any volume of sound uttered by human lips.

"His father—my son—beat him!"

"What! Beat a little fellow like that!" The doctor, in spite of his familiarity with degradation and brutality, was very angry.

"My son drinks—does nothing but drink. These holidays, sir—people treat him—he—gets drunk—somehow—and scolded—scolded so, and—I couldn't help it, sir—I couldn't."

Her wretched gown was up at her eyes, but the doctor was occupied with the boy. There was something here worse than fever. The boy's nervous system had received a severe shock. He questioned the boy closely, went to a drug store near by, returned, administered some of the medicine he brought, left instructions with the grandmother and returned to his office, reflecting upon the problem of life more seriously than he had ever done before, and he had the reputation of a very considerate, thoughtful man.

He visited the fever stricken boy early the next morning.

"He—didn't sleep more—than an—hour, sir, all night," the grandmother whispered, wringing her bony hands helplessly.

The doctor looked at his patient, who was tossing his hands and moving his head.

"He's—been—flighty all the time."

The doctor turned the torn quilt down, felt the boy's body, his head; timed his pulse—then suddenly turned to the window and looked out.

When the old woman spoke to him he met her look with a steady gaze. There was no sign of emotion; his voice was a trifle lower perhaps.

"Do—you—think"——

"It is very hard to determine. The chances are against him. Have you any other means than this boy supplied you?"

The old woman shook her head. The doctor made a mental note. Then he administered a powder, looked long and earnestly at his patient, turned and left the house with a preoccupied air.

He returned again at noon.

A bleary eyed wretch, with bloated face and shambling gait—a creature whom prolonged debauchery had robbed of all that is noble and spirited in man, lurched against him in the entry.

"Are you—you the—doctor's been 'tending my kid?"

Dr. Jayne shoved him aside with as little concern as he would push a dog from his path, but before he had stepped on the stairs the drunken wretch added:

"'Cos—'cos—you're not wanted any longer. The boy's dead—dead, d'ye hear?"

The doctor was going up stairs; suddenly he paused, descended and addressed a slatternly looking woman, who stood in a doorway.

"Is the boy dead?"

"Died half an hour ago."

Dr. Jayne walked away. As he was returning to his office a familiar voice accosted him. He turned to meet the familiar voice of Dow, Sr.

"Heard you looked through my factory the other day. My son spoke of it. Just home from Colorado. Wonderful country out there. You found everything in apple pie order in my factory. I'm satisfied at heart. Took me twelve years, sir, twelve years to perfect my system. I don't mind telling you—you are not in the business—that after all is said that can be said, the chief reason, the real secret of my success has been—you can't guess what, doctor. I'll wager you anything you can't."

"I need not try," said the doctor.

"Well—in two words—I've always kept my machinery in repair. I used to rely on two machinists when I had 500 hands. I doubled them—it paid—put another on—gained right along by it; now I have 800 hands, how many men do you think I have looking after the machinery alone—I mean, keeping it in proper repair?"

"I will not venture to guess, Mr. Dow."

"Ten—ten, sir, who do nothing but watch the machinery and repair it. I have a systematic factory, I flatter myself."

"The system is very fine, indeed," replied Dr. Jayne. "A very fine system," he added meditatively, as they separated.—David Lowry in Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Traveling Man.

Whatever he may have been in the past the traveling man of today occupies a most important position in relation to mercantile affairs. He is numbered by many thousands and represents the interests of many millions. He is found in all classes of business, representing all lines of wares, and his influence upon matters even outside of his own vocation is strongly felt. The traveling man of today, to be successful must, in the first place, be a gentleman in deed and in action. Then he must be possessed of business acumen and tact, be ambitious, active and tireless. He finds it to his interest to keep informed on current topics, and is a storehouse of news and information. He must be pleasing in address and neat in appearance.

All these he is, as he now exists, in the best type. In the drug business the traveler is a very important factor. There are about 1,250 directly connected with the wholesale drug trade of this country, this number not including proprietary, pharmaceutical or druggists' sundries houses. These 1,250 travelers are an expense to the wholesale druggists of about $3,000,000, and we may be sure that if they were not a necessity and of value, commercial salesmen would not exist.—Pharmaceutical Era.

Exploring the Ventriloquial Larynx.

Mr. R. H. Mohr, the ventriloquist, went through a strange experience the other day. In one of the laboratories of the Harvard medical school he submitted to an examination of his throat and chest by a number of physiological experts, to determine what special formations gave him his peculiar powers.

The experts are uncommunicative concerning the results of the examination, and Mr. Mohr, who is not a physiologist at all, did not learn much about himself.

"They put mirrors down my throat," he said. "They led me by narrow passages into a dark chamber, and what they did there I don't know. After it was all over they told me that my larynx was flatter than that of other men and shaped something like a woman's, and also that one of the stops in my throat was drawn downward instead of upward by the connecting muscles.

"I can't make much out of that explanation, but I can make a living out of my peculiar throat just the same."

Then he threw his voice under the table and laughed hoarsely.—Boston Herald.

Quick Witted.

An actor, now famous, made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial city where theater goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainer did not succeed in pleasing them. He was young and nervous and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of objectionable bric-a-brac. When the uproar was at its highest one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the footlights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage head:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that any one in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation.—P. McArthur in Harper's.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE OLD, OLD STORY RETOLD WITH MODERN ACCESSORIES.

A Young Lieutenant Shot and Killed by the Brother of the Girl He Loved—The Girl Goes Insane—The Murderer Sentenced to Prison for Five Years.

In the criminal court of Naples the story of Romeo and Juliet in modern life was told recently. Lieutenant Leone, of the Tenth regiment of artillery, while stationed in Palermo, fell desperately in love with Catherine Notarbartolo de Villarosa, a beautiful young woman. The Notarbartolo family is among the most powerful in Sicily, where a good deal of the old feudal system flourishes in spite of the Italian unity. Donna Maria Beutiragna, Widow Notarbartolo and the mother of the young woman, had a brother executed in 1859 for political offenses, and she was banished, but she returned to Sicily with Garibaldi. Although she is sixty-four years of age she administers the rich patrimony of her family. The beautiful Catherine was her youngest child.

The question before the court was whether the young officer committed suicide or was murdered by the brother of the young girl. His body was found at the door of the Notarbartolo mansion. He had been shot through the heart and a pistol was found at his feet. The evidence for the prosecution was that he had been called into the house by Catherine's old nurse, Calogera Tinnirello, and that Catherine's brothers, who were his sworn enemies, had waited for him at the entrance and had shot him. Francesco Notarbartolo, who was accused of having organized the plot, had previously fought a duel with the lover.

It was a one sided fight, however, in which all the fury was with Notarbartolo. Leone, who was an expert swordsman, foiled all his desperate attacks, and allowed himself to be wounded rather than run the risk of killing the brother of his ladylove. Francesco was also the recognized chief of the Mafia society in Palermo. Eleven times he was on the point of being arrested, but on each occasion he was saved by the Mafia, and at one time he was concealed in the house of a near relative of the chief of police.

The trial of the case extended through two years in Palermo, and then the venue was changed to Naples, where it lasted for eighty days. Love letters in abundance from Leone to Catherine and from Catherine to Leone were read, in which the tender passion was painted with all the high coloring peculiar to the Italian school. The brothers Notarbartolo did not deny anything of the love affair between their sister Catherine and the young officer; they simply confined themselves to a denial of the charge of murder. One of them, Pietro, declared in his examination that Leone was completely unknown to him when he received the following note:

SIR—I love your sister Catherine. Pronounce the last word. If it should be "No," I give you my word that I shall abide by it and insist no longer.

In describing the effect of the letter, Pietro said: "I spoke of that letter to my mother who said, 'The young man is crazy. The marriage is impossible. I informed Lieutenant Leone of this decision and advised him to postpone as far as possible the stupid notion of getting married. We parted on the best of terms. A few days afterward while we were at dinner, we heard a pistol shot outside the door. We came down and found Leone dead at the door. He had just sent a bullet through his breast."

"The medical reports seem to establish that Leone did not kill himself, but was murdered," the president of the court remarked.

"On the contrary," Pietro responded. "He shot himself in the heart. Lovers always shoot themselves in the heart and bankers always shoot themselves in the head. Whether it is the heart or the brain, it is always the affected part that they aim at."

The old nurse, who carried the letters of the lovers, denied that she induced Leone to come to the house.

The deposition of Leone, Sr., the father of the young man, was particularly dramatic. He said: "When I learned that my son was in love with one of the Notarbartolo young ladies I knew that it was all over with him. All the lovers of the young ladies were killed by the brothers Notarbartolo. Francesco killed Boccardo and his brother-in-law Coppola."

"If I struck down Coppola," the accused Francesco interrupted, "it was because he began to court my sister Constance, and then deserted her to make love to my sister Maria. And now poor Constance is crazy from love."

"You are also accused of having killed Lieutenant Leone. Why did you run away after the tragedy?" the president asked.

"Because I knew that I would be suspected. I have already been in prison for beating policemen, and I know what it is to be shut up in four walls."

Other witnesses gave the details of the duel, in which Leone was kind enough to allow himself to be wounded by the brother of his expected bride. Letters were then produced to show that when the broken hearted lovers were parted by the orders of the proud old woman and of the terrible brothers, who sustained her decision, Leone for a time accepted his fate, but on receiving a burning and tearful document from Catherine, begging him to continue his suit and asking him if he had ceased to love her, he weakened and determined to return to Palermo. His brother officers urged him not to go. "They will kill you," they said.

"Well, let them kill me," Leone said; "I can't give up my love."

Several of his comrades testified that he never had any idea of suicide. The evidence pointed to murder, or at least to manslaughter, for a quarrel between Leone and the brothers was also described. Francesco Notarbartolo was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The others were acquitted, and now Catherine is crazy.—New York Sun.

How They Picked Him Out.

"Out here I considered myself fairly well dressed," he said; "but I had hardly touched New York before I knew I wasn't quite in it. A man rushed up to me, grabbed my hand and said unctuously, 'Hallo, Tompkins! How's everything in Kankakee?' I wasn't as green as I looked, however, and merely said, 'Fine, Smith, fine; but let go, for I'm working that game myself.'

"I at once ordered a suit of clothes from a Broadway tailor, bought a hat, patronized the swellest haberdasher I could find and kept to my hotel until the clothes were ready. When I was attired in my new suit I fancied that I couldn't be singled out from the loungers of the avenue on Sunday afternoon. But my friends, the bunko steerers, kept right after me. I couldn't go half a dozen blocks before I'd be hailed and have my hand shaken. I was Patterson from Helena, Boyd from Bodie, Clancy from Muskingum and Smith, Jones and Robinson from all sections of the broad land. It got to be a dreadful bore.

"Finally, when I had been accosted twice in one block, I said to my new acquaintance:

"'See here, old man, I'm on to you, but if you'll tell me how you fellows all spot me for a wild greenhorn I'll give you ten.'

"'That's easy,' he said, reaching for the money. 'Those high heeled boots were called in here in New York when I was a baby.'

"So I have concluded that the old adage must be changed to read, 'Every man is known by his boots.'"—San Francisco Examiner.

Names of the Mississippi River.

An anonymous writer has asserted that from the mouth of the Ohio to the source of the Mississippi it was known as Pe-he-ton-at, an Algonquin signification of abode or habitation of furies. The same writer asserts that L. M. Gould is authority for the statement that an analysis of the word shows that it does not mean "father of waters." "Mis-sisk" means "grass;" "Mis-sisk-keon," "weeds;" "Mis-sisk-ke," "medical herbs," and "Mis-ku-tuk" "the broad bottom lands" of the river. Thus the tribes inhabiting the bottom lands were called Mis-shu-tan or meadow people, from which the assertion comes that the literal meaning of the word is "the river of meadows of grass." But it is believed that the latter designation is a fanciful idea, in the light of other and very positive information which has come down to us.

A Jesuit father (Allonez), who first made personal acquaintance with the "Nasouessiouck," speaks of them as living toward the west, near the great river called Messipi, a memorable remark, it being the first time (A. D. 1667) that the word was noted by any French writer. It would appear that, if Groseilliers and Raddison, to whom must be awarded the honor of discovering the upper waters of the river west of the great lakes, noted the name in any diary kept by them, it was probably lost when Groseilliers, like Joliet at a later date, was upset in the St. Lawrence on his return from the second voyage.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

G. Washington, Marechal de France.

An interesting bit of history was told me lately by a descendant of G. W. Parke Custis.

It seems that when, in 1781, the United States sent to France a special embassador some difficulty arose between him and the French government as to the command of the combined armies. Colonel Laurens, the embassador, stated very firmly that George Washington, our chief, must command, "for it is our cause, and the battle on our soil." The etiquette of the foreign government, however, exclaimed: "C'est impossible!" for here was Count Rochambeau, an old lieutenant general, who could only be commanded by the king in person or a marechal de France.

The American wit of Colonel Laurens flashed upon the situation a happy thought. He said: "Make our Washington a marechal de France and the difficulty is at an end." It was done. Mr. Custis continues that a friend of his heard General Washington spoken of as monsieur le marechal at the siege of Yorktown.

I have heard that in some southern home there is a treasure, held beyond price—even the antiquity hunter's price, and he who aspires to buy the bones of his ancestors—an ancient porcelain mug, on which is painted an effigy of Washington on horseback, and underneath is this inscription: "George Washington, Esq., General in chief of the United States Army and Marshal of France."—Wide Awake.

The Coinage of Money in France.

For several hundred years and down to a comparatively recent date, money was coined at from twenty-five to thirty different cities in France that had inherited the privilege. Now all French money is coined at the Paris mint and bears, instead of the effigy of some distinguished person, a head representing the republic, or liberty in the more general sense.

Few French gold pieces are however in circulation, except those bearing the head of Napoleon III, and silver pieces of the same coinage are almost as common. French silver coins wear admirably and pieces of the reigns of Charles X, Louis XVIII and Napoleon I are very common.—Chicago Tribune.

Great Feet for a Horse.

Here is a story told by Richard Nelson, a Swamp veteran:

"Years ago we used to keep horses on the ground floor. A man down the street had one in his cellar for years and never had him shod in all that time. He was in a damp place, and this fact, coupled with the one that he had never worn shoes, transformed his feet into curiosities. Upon my word, his feet were a foot long and shaped just like a man's. They turned up at the ends like a Chinaman's shoe."

Mr. Nelson can prove this, so he affirms. He neglected to state how many toes the horse had.—New York Recorder.

PRINCES ON SHIPBOARD.

How the Sons of the Heir Apparent Conducted Themselves as Middies.

A gentleman whose office is in a Pine street fire insurance company of this city was a shipmate of the late Duke of Clarence and of his brother, Prince George, on board her majesty's ship Britannia. He has a clear remembrance of the day they joined the ship and of their reception by their fellow middies. In speaking of that event he said:

"At 3:15 on Jan. 18, 1877, on board her majesty's ship Britannia, training ship for gentlemen cadets, stationed at Dartmouth, Devon, the bugler sounded 'quarters' and all hands, in full uniform, were mustered to receive the two newly appointed cadets, the royal princes. Captain Fairfax, commanding, was standing at the head of the gangway with the first lieutenant, in full dress, and as the steam pinnace came alongside, the ship's band struck up 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.'

"Captain Fairfax, having introduced each of the wardroom officers and all the instructors to their royal highnesses, sang out: 'Attention! by your right, dress: eyes front! Gentlemen cadets of her majesty's ship Britannia, I now collectively present to you your new shipmates, their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, with whom I will now leave you. Two paces, forward, right about, turn, dismiss!'

"Then began all the usual boyish chaff, or 'running,' as I believe it is called at Annapolis, followed by the task of showing our new shipmates over the ship. As soon as they reached the upper deck the senior cadet captain said to them: 'Mates, it is an old custom that each "new," on joining, shall go aloft, over the futtocks, avoiding the lubber's hole as he would the bottomless pit. Which of you two will be over first? So over the futtocks and down again went the two princes, finally joining in a game of 'swing the monkey' until the bugle sounded for cadets to put on mess uniform for tea.

"At the sound of the bugle call two venerable family retainers advanced to our new shipmates, with every outward sign of civilian respect, but no nautical tug of the forelock to inform them that their mess uniform was prepared. A shrill voice called out:

"'Who are your ancient chums, Wales?'

"'Why, don't you see,' some other wit replied, 'one is the wet nurse and the other the dry nurse.'

"The main difference between the Wales and the other cadets was that instead of sleeping in hammocks they had large cabins knocked up for them on the main deck, sleeping, dining and working rooms being provided. They also had a special tutor, who was appointed a naval instructor, the Rev. J. N. Dalton, who afterward accompanied them in her majesty's ship Bacchante on their voyage around the world.

"A favorite cadet joke was to get Prince Eddie to 'stroke a pleasure boat,' and when the coxswain allowed an 'easy all,' some one would say, 'Wales, when you are indeed my ruler, I would very much like it if you would make me a duke.'

"'Make you a duke, you swab? I'll make you a shoeblack.'

"He would then be taken by the legs and ducked till he agreed and gave his 'royal word of honor' that each member of that boat's crew should be a duke when he came to the throne.

"Although without the high spirits of his younger brother, a sweeter tempered and more unassuming cadet was never entered in the books of her majesty's ship Britannia, and those characteristics he always retained. The last time I saw him was in 1888, when he was serving as a captain in the Tenth Hussars, at York, and he gave me the same cordial greeting that he always had given ten years before, when we were brother cadets.

"A time honored custom on board the Brittannia is that cadets in their first term shall 'fag' for cadets in their third and fourth terms, and that cadets in their second term shall 'fag' for those in the fourth or final term. This rule was in no way abated with the Wales boys, and I have seen them on several occasions hauling a cadet of the necessary seniority up the hill to the cricket field on a broiling day, with the perspiration rolling down their royal brows. It was good discipline."—New York Times.

The Basking Shark.

The ferocity of sharks is not necessarily in proportion to their size. For example, there is the great basking shark, so called because of its habit of lying motionless at the surface of the water. It often attains a length of nearly forty feet, but its teeth are small comparatively, and it probably never attacks man, depending upon small fishes and crustacea for its diet. Another name for this species is "sail fish," because of its great back fin, which shows out of the water like a sail when it is basking.

Although sluggish ordinarily and easily harpooned, it exhibits great activity and enormous strength when struck, diving immediately to the bottom and requiring a great length of rope to hold it. These basking sharks are caught for their livers off the coast of Iceland, and the oil obtained is used to adulterate cod liver oil.—Washington Star.

Fighting Parasites.

Only a beginning has been made by the government in the work of fighting the parasites of animals. By always condemning the pigs which are infected with trichinæ the disease will be rendered less common. Heel flies and gadflies are combated successfully and destroyed by spreading tar ointment over the bodies of the beasts attacked. In its labors the bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture devotes its attention first to studying the life history of each parasite, in order to find out at what stage of its existence the enemy can be attacked to the best advantage. Having procured a full knowledge of the habits and manner of existence of the adversary it is comparatively easy to interfere with its operations.—Washington Letter.

ABOUT GOOD CIGARS.

YOU CAN READ A MAN FROM THE KIND OF CIGARS HE SMOKES.

Some Familiar Names of Cigars—How Men Act When They Choose and Light the Fragrant Weeds—Characteristics of Common Inveterate Smokers.

Do you smoke? If you do, why not, at leisure, have a little chat about cigars, cigarettes and smokers. But I do not advise you to praise the brand you are just now smoking. It is too dark, it smells of yesterday's damp atmosphere, its ashes are black as a traitor's soul.

The treasures of Havana, formerly the exclusive enjoyment of the opulent classes, are now within the reach of almost every one, and when crops are short in Cuba, Mexico, Virginia and the Carolinas supply the deficiency.

There are cigars of many different titles, most of them highly sounding, like the Spanish hidalgos by whom they were named. There are Cayados, Prensados, Trabucos, Londres, Regueros, Princessas Caballeros, Crevas, Principes de Galles, Flor Finos, Esparteros, Comerciantes, Cazadores, Medias, Regalias, Simples, Regalias de la Reina, Jenny Lind, Adelina Patti, Divina Sarah, Imperiales, Imperadores, Conchas, Bolivar, Libertadores, Conquistadores, etc.

It is for the "connoisseurs" to exercise their preferences and to contend for the very best. There are degrees in tobacco as in wine, and the Havana brand has its pedigree as has Chateau Yquem and Chambertin.

The "Figaro" or the "Henry Clay" has each its peculiar aroma. In the kingdom of tobacco as in the empire of love, among cigars as among women, there is always the eternal and inevitable rivalry between the blond and the brunette, the dark and the light, the strong and the mild; but in the smoking world, as elsewhere, if the brunettes are generally strong the blonds are not always mild.

HOW SOME MEN SMOKE.

A true smoker must never select a moist cigar, but at the same time he must not take a too dry one. As the Latin philosopher said, "In medio tutissimus ibis."

The supreme felicity of the smoker depends also in great measure upon the manner in which he lights his cigar. To verify its peculiar aroma one has first to draw the smoke through the nose. To recognize a regular smoker is an easy task—his lips always betray him. The man who resolutely puts his cigar deeply in his mouth is a firm, decided man of action, quick in movement, perhaps brusque, but generally good hearted.

The youngster who cuts the end of the cigar with the teeth is rather insouciant, careless of future dental sufferings. The baldheaded young man who calls for a penknife to cut the end of the cigar is a man judicious in council, methodical in his ways and well balanced.

The one who places his cigar in an amber holder is recherche in his tastes and stylish in his habits. The man who holds it with a silver clasp is a dude. The man fond of light shaded cigars is fond of the ballet, light performances, Offenbach music, comic opera and shepherdesses in water colors. He is also probably fond of fishing and boating, is generally romantic and is considered as a passionate waltzer.

LIGHT AND DARK SMOKERS.

The one who prefers dark shaded cigars may be supposed a daring and fortunate gambler, an audacious and successful lover, rather fond of Leopold Robert and Regnaut's vivid pictures and Verdi's music; he is partial to racing and wild hunting.

The man who buys his cigars without examination and only because they are tied in packages with ribbons perfumed by the Cuban peddler's wife is of confiding disposition, presumably an obedient husband and a credulous stockholder. The one who smokes his cigar almost to the end is by all means a persevering character, a faithful friend and a constant lover; the one who throws it away when only half smoked is blase.

The man who allows it to extinguish itself often and lights it again is absent-minded, thoughtful but indulgent, a good fellow, inclined to tolerance, taking men for what they are, women for what they are not; taking times as they come, he lets the stream of life flow gently by.

The "connoisseur" must be very careful when cigars show little yellow spots. If spots appear in consequence of unequal drying, the cigar is horrid. If made by small worms, the brand is generally exquisite, as worms prefer to attack the best flowers, the best fruits, the best leaves.

In any case, the cigar is not the true smoker's best enjoyment; it is a kind of compromise between the cigarettes of the "coquette" and the short pipe of the cynical philosopher.—New York Recorder.

The Original Silhouette.

The name silhouette was derived from Etienne de Silhouette, a French minister of finance in 1759, who introduced several parsimonious fashions during his administration called a la Silhouette, a name which continued to be applied to the black profile portraits. Silhouettes were executed in various ways.

One of the simplest is that of tracing the outlines of a shadow's profile thrown on a sheet of paper, and then reducing them to the required size either by the eye or by means of a pantograph. The camera obscura and camera lucida are also occasionally used for the purpose.—Mechanical News.

Voices to Order.

A knowledge of the physiology of the human larynx has made it possible to supply artificial voices to persons who have been deprived of the one nature gave them, and a number of cases exist where the cavity has been opened, and a larynx made of suitable material with rubber membranes has been inserted and become practically useful in speech.—New York Journal.

COSTIVENESS

If not relieved by judicious and timely treatment, is liable to result in chronic constipation. As an aperient that may be used with perfect safety and satisfaction, Ayer's Pills are unsurpassed. Unlike most cathartics, these pills, while they relax and cleanse, exert a tonic influence on the stomach, liver, and bowels, causing these organs to perform their functions with healthy regularity and comfort. Being purely vegetable and free from mineral of any kind, their use is not attended with injurious effects. Good for old and young of every climate, Ayer's Pills are everywhere the favorite. G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main street, Carlisle, Pa., says: "Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. I would not willingly be without them."

Cured by drug of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Every Dose Effective.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 455 Blue Island av; J Lilbepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brackett, F S; Dr G O Synon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 153 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 N Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesdays, 155 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday, Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2927 State st; Henry S Mewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 3074 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No — A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 165 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 5 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 66, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O'Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Fealy, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F M Meninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenbach, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; R Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 156 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cramer, C R, 338 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Baier, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 761 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schultz, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 323 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] st; T Wa[illegible] st; W Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Fusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 N Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 3 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briedel, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 35 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Hetsricks, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mernan, Treas; Dr H H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P M Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Halihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranta, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 96 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 96 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 445 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 3074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachand, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; H H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 320 W Erie st.

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Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3803 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 20—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1949 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 22—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

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Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Donnehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the statute that the undersigned, George Frederick Simpson, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next March Term A. D. 1892, of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in the said County of Cook, on the third Monday of March, 1892, being the 21st day thereof, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Giorgio Frederico D'Almond.

Dated at Chicago this 12th day of January, A. D. 1892.

(Signed) GEORGE FREDERICK SIMPSON.
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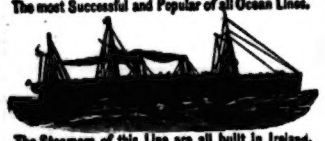

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